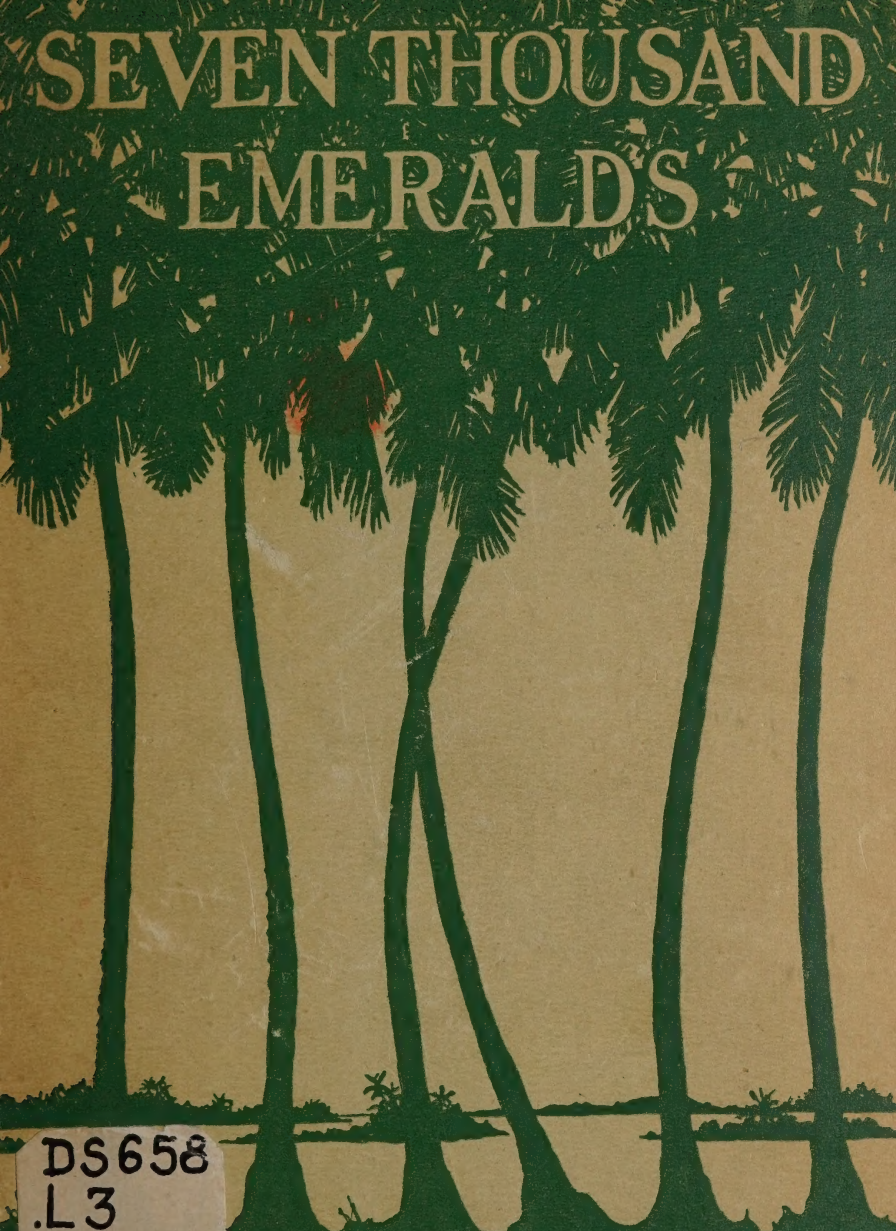
SEVEN THOUSAND EMERALDS



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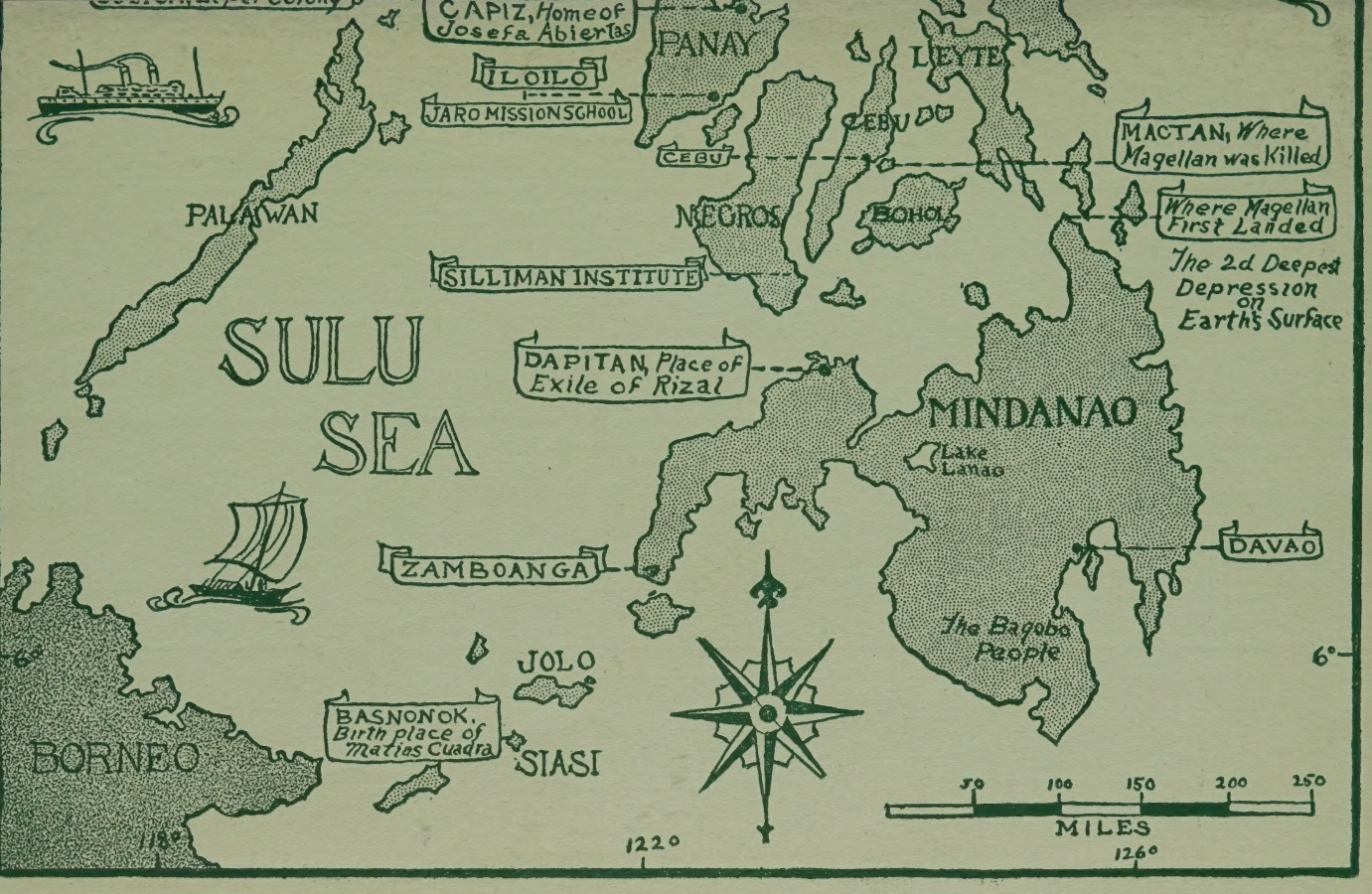
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JARO MISSION SCHOOL
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MACTAN, Where Magellan was Killed
CEBU
PALAWAN
NEGROS
BOHOL
Where Magellan First Landed
SILLIMAN INSTITUTE
The 2d Deepest Depression on Earth's Surface
SULU SEA
DAPITAN, Place of Exile of Rizal
MINDANAO
Lake Lanao
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SEVEN THOUSAND EMERALDS

SEVEN THOUSAND EMERALDS

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BY
FRANK CHARLES LAUBACH
AUTHOR OF
THE PEOPLE OF THE PHILIPPINES

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DECORATIONS BY
MARGARET AYER

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NEW YORK
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FRANK CHARLES LAUBACH has been a missionary to the Philippine Islands since 1915. He was born in Benton, Pennsylvania, and is a graduate of the Benton High School, the Bloomsburg Normal School and Perkiomen Seminary. He received his A.B. at Princeton University, and the degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. from Columbia University. He completed his training at Union Theological Seminary, and became an ordained minister of the Congregational church. After service for a year as a secretary of the Charity Organization Society in New York, Dr. Laubach was appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to general missionary work in Mindanao, where for five years he had unusual opportunities to acquaint himself with the people inhabiting the southern islands of the Philippine group. After a furlough in America, he returned in 1922 for another five years as a member of the staff of the Union Theological Seminary in Manila, which is maintained cooperatively by several missions for the training of ministers and Christian workers. Following a second furlough in America, Dr. Laubach has undertaken the work of founding a new training institution for the Moros in Mindanao, and of establishing a Christian Literature Society to serve all of the evangelical bodies in the Islands. Dr. Laubach is the author of "The People of the Philippines," published in 1925.

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TO
MY FATHER

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SEVEN THOUSAND EMERALDS

I

THE YOUNG PATRIOT

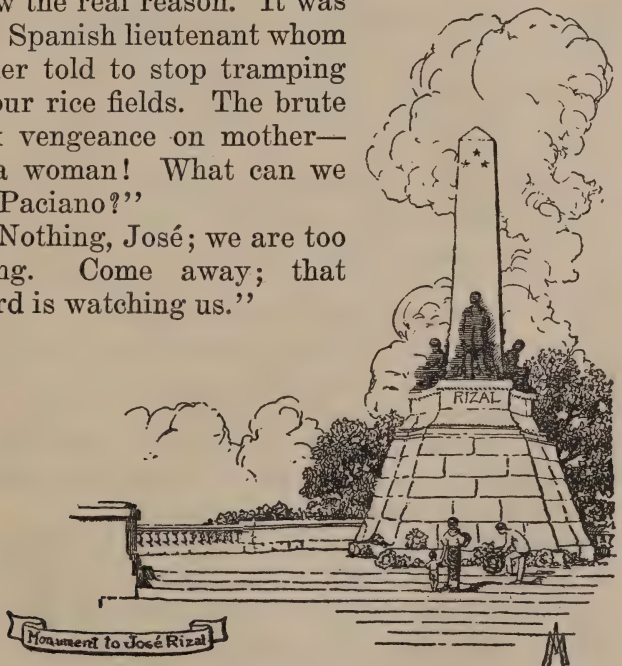
Paciano saw his eleven-year-old brother José hurrying toward him excitedly.

"Mother has been arrested," gasped José into the ear of Paciano.

"Arrested! What for?"

"They accused her of conspiring to kill Mrs. Realondo. Mother, who wouldn't kill a fly! I know the real reason. It was that Spanish lieutenant whom father told to stop tramping on our rice fields. The brute took vengeance on mother—on a woman! What can we do, Paciano?"

"Nothing, José; we are too young. Come away; that guard is watching us."



This was José Rizal's first day in Manila. He had come from Calamba, forty miles south of Manila, to go to school with his older brother.

A week passed. One night Paciano rushed into their room, livid and trembling.

"What is it?" cried José. "What has happened to mother?"

"Convicted. And they have thrown her into prison."

An hour later José thrust a paper under Paciano's nose. "I can do something. This is the composition I was to write for tomorrow. Read it!"

Paciano read a fiery indictment of Spanish rule, culminating with an account of their mother's imprisonment.

"Tear it up quickly! It would be enough to send mother to the *garrote*. Tear it up. But, José, the composition is tremendous! You have talent, brother, and you must get ready for the day when you can save our country."

José crushed his composition in his hands and burned it. He must wait—and prepare. He would learn all that his professors knew and more. He would save his mother and all the other fathers and mothers who had been sent to prison or to some lonely distant exile.

He subjected himself to severe discipline of body and mind. As regularly as the clock he took daily exercise, walking, running, fencing, riding horseback. He refused to smoke or drink wine or stay up late at night. His nerve became

cool and steady. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he built health out of frailty, and from that year he was never seriously ill in his life. Several hours each day he spent reading, always the best he could find in Spanish or Tagalog or Latin literature. He wasted no time, for he had set himself to a task which would tax his highest powers.

Soon he began to capture the school prizes. Other boys thought José had superior talents, but the real difference was that he had a purpose and made every hour of the day count. Two years he toiled and planned while his mother lay in prison. Then she was released for a reason as shallow as the one which caused her imprisonment.

The governor general was visiting Calamba and saw José's little sister dance. He pulled her to his knee and said, "Pretty little lady, I never saw such dancing. Let me make you a present. What shall it be?"

"Give me my mother from prison," instantly said the girl.

"Who is this girl's mother? Set her free, whoever she is," commanded the governor general.

Two years in prison and out because of a dance! Hundreds of fathers and mothers and children were victims of brutality like this. More clearly than ever, José saw his life work. It was his motherland that lay sad, crushed, waiting to be freed from wrong, needing him.

At eighteen he wrote a poem, "To the Philippine Youth," which won first prize in the Manila

Lyceum of Arts and Literature. The first stanza ran:

> Hold high the brow serene,
> O youth, where now you stand!
> Let the bright sheen of your grace be seen,
> Fair hope of my motherland!

That last line set Spanish officials muttering. Who ever before dared to speak here of any motherland except Spain? This insolent young Rizal would bear watching!

Then the students of the Ateneo de Manila put on a play called "Beside the Pasig." One character in the play was the devil, who denounced Spain for her cruelty. Spain so bad that even the devil condemns her! Who had dared to write that play? Who was the traitor? José Rizal. Ah, again!

Men had died for less than he had done. The Philippines were no longer safe for him. His brother and uncle gave him money; his sister gave him her diamond ring. Passage and a passport for leaving the country were secured for him by his cousin. Using this cousin's name, José slipped on the boat at midnight and sailed for Spain, where he was safe. For Spain was a hundred times freer than her colonies.

When José Rizal reached Madrid he at once plunged into preparation for his life task. He chose to become an oculist, since so many of his people suffered from diseases of the eye, and particularly because his own mother was beginning

to lose her sight. In addition to medicine he studied literature, philosophy, French, German and English.

Three books had more influence upon this young man than any others. First there was *Travels in the Philippines,* by a German named Jagor. The book declared that the Filipinos had great ability but never had been given a chance. But what caught the eager eye of Rizal was what Jagor said of the United States. He said this country had set all South America afire with democratic ideals, and would some day send its influences across the Pacific. "The captivating magic power that the great republic exercises . . . will not fail to make itself felt also in the Philippines."

The second book was *Lives of the Presidents of the United States.* Rizal read the book over and over until he wore it out, and then bought a new edition. How wonderful it was that men like Lincoln, born in poverty and in log cabins, had been able to make their way to the presidency!

The third book was *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* When Rizal saw how this book had helped set the Negro slaves in the United States free, he conceived the idea of writing a book which would tell the story of the Philippines and of his own life.

Upon completing his course in medicine he went to Paris to practise with a famous eye specialist. After office hours each night he wrote chapter after chapter of his book. In two years it was ready. He gave it a strange title, *Noli Me Tangeri,* which is the Latin for "touch me not." He

had dared to tell a story nobody else had ever dared to tell. Ibarra, a desperate revolutionist, was clearly Rizal himself. Ibarra's father, who was imprisoned, was clearly Rizal's mother. Indeed every character was recognized by the people of Calamba, his home town, the moment they saw the book. William Dean Howells, the famous American writer and critic, declared that *Noli Me Tangeri* was the best book that had been written in any language for fifty years.

José sent several boxes of the first edition from Europe to Manila disguised as merchandise. It was an instant success. People read it by lamplight and passed it on to their neighbors. Spies soon secured copies and took them to the government officials, and the Spanish friars for the first time saw themselves held up to ridicule. What made the book more dangerous was the fact that every word was stingingly, pitilessly true. "It is history written like fiction," said all who read it.

The government issued a decree that any Filipino found with the book in his possession was to be exiled, and his land confiscated and given to the one who had betrayed him. This did not stop people from reading the book; it only advertised it. José Rizal became the most famous man in the Philippines.

Meanwhile José's mother was going blind. José felt sure he could remove the cataracts which had grown over her eyes, and he dared to come home. With perfect success he performed the delicate operation, for the first time in Philip-

pine history. The report spread that he had performed a miracle. Patients came to him from all parts of the Philippines and even from China and Japan. Six months of busy popularity, and then the governor general advised him to leave the Islands, since, as the governor alleged, there were rumors that Rizal's life was threatened. The advice was really a command, so Rizal departed.

As he sailed across the Pacific Ocean his fellow passengers were astonished to hear him speaking to each passenger in that man's native tongue.

"How many languages do you know, Dr. Rizal?" asked a group of admirers seated about him one day on the deck.

"Let's count them," answered Rizal: "Tagalog, Spanish, Latin, Greek, French, German, English, Arab, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Swedish, Dutch, Catalan, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Russian; is that seventeen or eighteen? Well, those are all I use with any facility."

He was fascinated as his train rolled across America. "Here," he exclaimed in his notes, "is the ideal land for men who are willing to work." But his visit to America was cut short by new troubles, for the Spanish friars, who had wanted him killed and not exiled, now took vengeance upon his relatives. They dug up the bones of his brother-in-law and "threw them out to the dogs." They had his brother Paciano banished to Mindoro, and his sisters arrested. The friars who owned, or claimed to own, the land occupied by Rizal's father, raised the rent until the old man

appealed to the court—a fatal mistake for any Filipino to make in those days. Suddenly a company of soldiers appeared in Calamba and ordered the Rizal family to remove all buildings from the land in twenty-four hours. That was humanly impossible. The next day the soldiers set fire to house and barns. The governor who ordered this was General Weyler, who later, in Cuba, was called "Butcher Weyler."

José Rizal hurried to Madrid and tried to persuade the Spanish government to stop the oppression by Weyler and the friars. He failed. Bitterly he wrote a book called *El Filubusterismo.* There is little humor in this book, "hot as metal —scorching whatever it touches." It ends with these words: "Where are the youth who will pour out their blood to wash away so much shame, so much crime, so much abomination? We await you, O youth! Come, for we await you!"

Rizal determined to risk his own life. He went to Borneo, where he secured from the British government a beautiful piece of land. Here he meant to bring his relatives and start a Filipino colony. Then he went to Hongkong. From there he wrote two letters. "To be opened after my death," said the envelopes. The first was addressed, "The Filipinos." "I cannot live," it said, "and see so many persons suffer injustice on my account. . . . What matters death if one dies for what one loves, for native land and those one holds dear." The other was a pathetic letter to "Parents, brothers and sisters." He left these

letters with a friend in Hongkong, and set sail for Manila. The Spanish consul cabled to the Spanish governor in Manila, "The victim is in the trap."

Rizal was allowed to enter the Philippines. He went at once to the governor general and asked permission to take his relatives to Borneo. The governor refused. Rizal called together his friends and organized a Philippine League, to spread education and to improve the condition of the poor. The membership grew with amazing rapidity.

Suddenly the enemies of Rizal struck. The victim was thrown into prison, and a few days later was sailing to Mindanao as an exile under guard. The spot on the island, Dapitan, where he made his little home, is now a public park. It reveals what a paradise he and the Dapitan boys who adored him made of the place. They built a water supply for the town by bringing the water several miles from a mountain stream. Rizal purchased the latest farm implements from America and showed the farmers how to use them. He showed the fishermen how to make better nets. They thought him almost a god, and helped him gather rare specimens of shells, bugs and flowers, which he sent to the museums of Europe. Here, too, he found time to express his beautiful soul in sculpture and painting. Art was as natural to him as breathing; it is to many Filipino youths. People came to him for medical treatment from all parts of the Far East, for he was reputed to be the best oculist in Asia. Instead of an exile he became a

king of his realm, and he had a way of turning every spot he touched into a heaven, even when he was in prison.

Four years he blessed Dapitan by his exile there. Then he read that yellow fever was raging in Cuba, and asked permission to meet this call of need. Permission was granted, and he was half way to Cuba on a Spanish ship when something took place which sealed his fate. A revolution broke out in the Philippines, and though Rizal had nothing to do with the revolution, a cable was sent to the captain of the ship ordering his arrest. He was thrown into chains and taken to Manila.

The friars scoured the Islands for evidence against him. They tortured his brother Paciano by having a screw turned into the palm of his left hand while a pen was put into his right hand to make him sign an accusation against José. He would not sign. Then he was hung up by his thumbs until he was insensible, and carted home.

José Rizal was brought before a court martial with his arms tied behind his back until they nearly touched. After a brief trial he was condemned. The sentence was pronounced—he was to be shot in twenty-four hours.

When his mother and sister Trinidad came to say farewell, José asked permission from the guard of the prison to bequeath his little lamp to his sister. As she took the lamp he said in English, so that the guard could not understand, "There is something inside."

Trinidad and her mother hurried home, pushed a little ball of paper out of the lamp, opened it, and read José Rizal's "Last Farewell." It is one of the noblest poems in any language. Every educated boy and girl in the Philippines now knows it in Spanish. Translation sadly spoils its music, yet we should know what he was saying:

Farewell, adored, sun-wooed motherland,
Thou pearl of Orient seas, our Eden lost.
I lay my sad, crushed life within thy hand;
And were life sweeter, full of promise grand,
Yet for thy ransom would I pay this cost.

I die—yet see, the skies glow overhead
Announcing dawn at last beyond the night;
And should you need to stain the dawn with red,
Behold my blood is for this purpose shed—
To dye incarnadine thy natal light.

E'er yet my childhood changed to youth I dreamed,
As youth will dream when vigor courses strong,
One day to see my Orient jewel redeemed,
Her dark eyes dried, her brow no longer seamed,
Her face uplifted, smiling, freed from wrong.

Sweet vision! Living hope! Undying fire!
"God-speed!" this soul cries out that soon must die;
"God-speed!" Oh, just to fall and lift thee higher,
To breathe new life in thee as I expire,
And then in thy charmed arms forever lie!

Land I adore, whose sadness makes me grieve;
Dear Philippines, my last farewell again!
With thee, my kindred, friends, and all I leave,
To go where none are slaves, where none deceive,
Where faith kills not, and God alone doth reign.

At daybreak Rizal, only thirty-six years of age, was led out to Bagumbayan field to be shot, where so many thousands, as innocent as he, had been shot or garrotted before.

A military doctor stepped from the lines and said, "May I feel your pulse, colleague?" The pulse was scarcely above normal. Amazed, the doctor said, "You are well, perfectly well," and stepped back.

Turning to the captain, Rizal asked, "Will you shoot me from the front, please?" Shooting in the back would signify that he was being executed as a traitor.

"I have orders to shoot you in the back."

"But I never was a traitor to my country or to Spain."

"My duty is to obey orders."

"Very well," said Rizal, and to the priest standing beside him, "Father, I forgive every man from the bottom of my heart."

He twisted his hand, bound behind him, to indicate the spot in his back where he wished them to aim. Eight soldiers fired together. With one last effort of will, José Rizal twisted his body about, to fall face upward.

A great monument stands on that spot now, the greatest monument in the Philippines. You may see the handsome young face of Rizal on a pedestal in every town and city of the Islands, but this mighty monument on Bagumbayan field, now called the Luneta, is the national shrine.

Rizal was executed on the morning of December

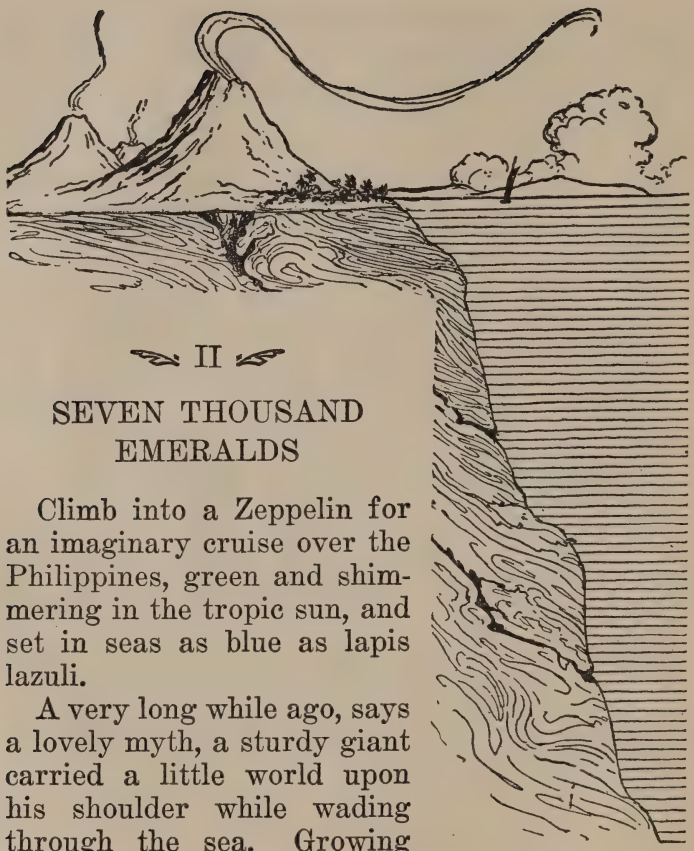
30, 1896. All the Islands burst into revolt that same day. Filipinos by the thousands slipped from the city to join the revolution. Among the revolutionists was Paciano, brother of the martyr. The Spanish friars had struck once too often. Now they fled into Manila for their lives, leaving a thousand churches without priests.

Rizal had said:

> I die; yet see, the skies glow overhead,
> Announcing day at last beyond the night.

Eighteen months later this dream began to come true. While the conflict still raged, battleships from the United States silently stole into Manila Bay by night, and next morning sank the Spanish fleet. Americans and Filipinos became allies; and, as Rizal had dreamed, the magic power of democratic ideals began to send its influence across the Pacific, through the Philippines, to all Asia.

Before we tell that tale, so stirring to every American heart, we must become better acquainted with these Islands which the strange turn of circumstance has linked with us.



II

SEVEN THOUSAND EMERALDS

Climb into a Zeppelin for an imaginary cruise over the Philippines, green and shimmering in the tropic sun, and set in seas as blue as lapis lazuli.

A very long while ago, says a lovely myth, a sturdy giant carried a little world upon his shoulder while wading through the sea. Growing weary, he dropped his world, and it broke into thousands of fragments. There they lie below us today, decked with palms and cogon, seven thousand emeralds—the fairy Philippines. No other group of islands on earth is so multitudinous or so closely set together.

If our giant had dropped his little world in the Atlantic instead of the Pacific, the fragments would have scattered from Maine to Florida. The shore lines of the Philippine Islands are longer than the total coast-line of the United States on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the Gulf of Mexico combined.

Our Philippine jewels have unsteady settings; they tremble slightly every day, and many days they shudder like a man with ague. Indeed they hang over a most terrifying abyss. Just east of Japan and the Philippines runs earth's deepest valley. Two spots which have been measured by scientists are over seven miles in depth, and one of these is east of Japan, the other only two hundred miles east of Mindanao. Surigao, at the northeast corner of Mindanao, is on the edge of a yawning precipice forty thousand feet deep, straight down in places as the side of a house. Under the pressure of the rocks, towering miles above them, the walls bulge out until they crack open; the sea leaks through the cracks into the hot interior of the earth, and steam, of ten million times greater force than a steam engine, rips its way to the surface, until the shock is felt by seismographs in distant England and America.

Twenty volcanoes act as safety-valves to let the steam out of these subterranean boilers. We may see them sending tiny columns into the sky on any clear morning. Mt. Mayon, reputed to have the most perfect cone in the world, went wild in 1928 after quietly smoking for twenty years. Fifteen

thousand people at its foot fled from their homes as the mighty mountain moaned and trembled. A few days later molten lava, spilling over the brim of the crater like a boiling caldron, streamed down the mountainside, burying the small city of Libog. The homeless people little realized that Mt. Mayon was really their suffering friend, for the truth is that if he were to tire of being a safety-valve the entire island would be blown to pieces. Besides, the potash scattered for many miles by the volcanic smoke is worth a thousand times more as fertilizer than is the property destroyed.

Our Zeppelin had best keep an eye out for the leaden clouds racing across the horizon. Each year furious storms called typhoons, or, in the Filipino languages, *baguios,* sweep over the Islands. These typhoons gather near the island of Guam and move in huge circles, counter-clockwise, like whirlwinds which all of us have seen catching up dust and leaves, only immensely greater. The diameter of the circles is over a hundred miles. The nearer the center, the more fiercely the wind blows—sometimes even a hundred and twenty miles an hour. At the very heart of the typhoon, however, there is deathly silence. Here is a partial vacuum which fills with a mountain of tidal water, pouring out over the land, sweeping away towns and leaving any unfortunate ship which may have been caught on its crest, far back on dry land.

And yet *baguios,* with all their roughness, are friends to the Filipinos, for they bring with them

torrents of rain. Without these downpours the Philippines would be as dry and unbearable as the Sahara. Thanks to these typhoons also the Philippines have wonderful forests, with more varieties of trees, indeed, than any country in the world. Some trees have mighty flying buttresses to brace them in the storms, and from these buttresses men make tables, ten feet in diameter, polished until they shine like mirrors. As we fly over the Islands we shall see that more than half their area is still covered by dense jungles, cool and dark. If we walk through the jungles we find them plaited with enormous swinging vines. A Filipino Boy Scout would tell you that one of these vines, called rattan, is used to make some of the best wicker furniture in the world.

Endless miles of cocoanut forests, the trees in perfect lines, tall and slender, wave their glistening leaves to the warm zephyrs. The Philippines surpass all other countries in the growing of cocoanuts. You probably washed your hands and face this morning with soap made from Philippine cocoanut oil. You eat Philippine products in cakes and pies, for cocoanut oil is widely used among us instead of lard or butter. You are in contact with the Philippines, too, when you buy the best rope or twine, for then you are given Manila hemp.

If we fly over the broad valleys of the Philippines in the rainy season we shall see square little fields covered with muddy water, and barefooted men sitting astride black buffaloes which they kick

with their heels or prod with sticks. The men are preparing to grow rice, which to three-fourths of the world is more important than wheat is to us. Swamp rice, they call it, and the name is exact, for every field must be flooded until it becomes a swamp before the rice can be planted. Horses are helpless in such mud. Fortunately there is one huge animal which would rather work in a swamp than anywhere else in all the world; that animal is the water buffalo, or carabao (not to be confused with caribou). This huge beast, with his dark rat-colored skin, his long, broad, flat horns, and his sleepy eyes, has no idea of heaven except as of a mudhole—the more mud the more heaven. If he cannot wallow in the mud at least once a day for an hour, he will go mad and break up everything in sight.

In the center of an apparently empty hole you will hear a snort. Upon closer examination you see the eyes and nose of a submerged carabao. He is having his daily treatment in facial clay. When at last he emerges, cool and dripping with mud, white birds as large as Leghorn chickens light on his back and eat off all the worms and bugs.

After the carabaos have churned the fields into mud, the neighbors gather to help the farmer plant his rice. As they squish through the mud you hear them singing:

To plant rice is far from play;
All day you have to stoop,
You can neither rest nor sit,
And you can never stand up straight.

O comrades, my comrades, sit down and rest!
We're tired, we're hungry, and we're wet.
Let us stop toiling and seek new strength;
Then in the morning we'll work again.

By the time the rice has grown and ripened, the rainy season is over. Then the neighbors gather again to harvest the rice, dressed in saucy red pantaloons or dresses, laughing the whole day long. Harvest is the happiest season of the year, only one must watch out for the tiny rice snakes whose bite means certain death.

If we reached Manila at dusk and landed on the Luneta beside the monument of José Rizal, we would see thousands of people gazing westward, while the king of day sank into the sea waving a million crimson fingers of farewell. As sea and sky darkened into dull gray, we would turn and look at the people—boys and girls playing tag or rolling on the grass, young men walking arm in arm, young women laughing, old men and women sitting on benches, all listening to the constabulary band. Brown with the burning sun, with black eyes and black hair, nearly all these people are and yet are not alike. Indeed nowhere else on earth would you see a greater variety. "Whence," we ask, "came these Filipino people? Who are they?" That is, after all, the most interesting question that concerns their Islands.

One of the most famous of contemporary geographers, Ellsworth Huntington, shows how races are improved by migrating from one place to another. Take our own very ancient forefathers in

Europe, for example. The ice caps which thousands of years ago came down over Europe pushed our ancestors south into Africa, while the lazy people stayed at home and slowly perished. When the ice melted and Africa again became dry, the energetic people went back into Europe, while the stupid remained behind and slowly starved. There were four of these ice ages in Europe; so Europeans went south four times and north four times, making eight occasions when the enterprising people survived and the stupid people perished. When our ancestors came to America from Europe, that was the ninth selection.

If migrations do result in the selection of the best types, then the Filipinos ought to be pretty highly selected too, for they migrated many times before they reached the Philippines. We will start far back in central Asia where our own remote ancestors, the Aryans, lived; for the Filipinos have some Aryan blood, too, on one side of their family tree. As central Asia slowly became a desert, some Aryans were pushed over into Europe; we whites are their posterity. Others were pushed down over the Himalaya Mountains into India, and there mixed with the other Indian people. But India suffered from a series of great famines, and many energetic people took boats and sailed southeastward to fertile Sumatra, Java, and Singapore. Meanwhile many of the more daring Chinese had come down to these same lands to escape floods and famine in China. The immigrants from India and China intermarried, and the children of these

mixed bloods, Professor Otley Beyer tells us, are the Malay race. Many ambitious and adventurous Malays again took boats and sailed northeastward past Borneo to the Philippines. They had reached the seven thousand emerald islands, a highly selected race of people—their last migration.

These people did not come to the Philippines all at once, but in wave after wave, just as our ancestors pushed into Europe—the Angles, Saxons, Teutons, Visigoths. Indeed the migrants to the Philippines arrived about the same time that our ancestors reached Europe, and were about as nearly civilized.

The first men who landed on the Philippine Islands were tall, slender, light of skin, thin of lip, high of forehead, with aquiline noses—very Aryan. Some of the men you will love most in the stories which follow reflect their descent from that first fleet of daring seamen. As they came they found a few stupid dwarfs in the forest, who fled to the high mountains, like the wild things they were, at the approach of the tall invaders. There are today only about sixty thousand of these tiny people, less than five feet high, and in a few more years the race will probably disappear.

In a century or so another wave of seamen sailed up to the Philippines from the southwest. They were shorter than the first invaders, had heavier bodies, broader faces, wider noses, thicker lips, and darker complexion, but were every whit as capable. Successive waves kept coming century after century, most of them from the south-

west but some of them from China—more than twenty-five waves in all. The men were all tanned a rich brown by the tropic sun, but they differed so much in features, in habits, in dress, and in language, that we can easily distinguish them to this day—Visayans, Tagalogs, Ilocanos, Bicols, and others.

Many of the tribes had their own forms of writing, which are very curious forms to us. In English we have a letter for each sound, but they had a letter for each syllable. Some Filipino tribes wrote like the Chinese, down the page, beginning at the right side, while others wrote from left to right, as we do.

"Where," you may ask, "did they get that syllabic writing?" It was invented in India when the famous Emperor Asoka reigned, in 264 B.C. For over two centuries, from about 1000 to 1200 A.D., the Philippines were part of the great Indian empire, and at that time the syllabic writing began to be used by the Filipinos.

In Philippine caves today we are finding many Indian idols, so, evidently, a part of the ancient people worshiped the Hindu gods. In those times the people believed in magic and ghosts, just as our European ancestors did. The Filipino name for the magic spirit or ghost was *anito*. The *anitos* lived in trees, rocks, rivers, graveyards, and old houses. The majority of them were wicked sprites, and it took all the cleverness of the medicine-men to keep them from doing mischief. There were very good spirits who lived in the

baliti tree. These were affectionately called *nonos*. To this day many Filipinos refuse to chop *baliti* trees down.

When the Spanish friars came to the Philippines they destroyed every bit of writing, every idol, and every pagan song they could find, so that we have none of the ancient literature and know very little about the ancient civilization. Fortunately we do have samples of syllabic writing from seventeen tribes, in spite of the zealous friars. We also know that the ancient people had certain moral principles, and that notable among these was their honesty. A Chinese historian named Chau Ju Kua visited the Philippines in 1225, and what he wrote was astonishing. The Filipinos, he said, "carry the goods away in baskets, and even if we cannot at first know them and can but slowly distinguish the men who remove the goods, yet there will be no loss. The barbarian traders will carry the goods to other islands, and as a rule it will take them as much as eight or nine months till they return, when they repay those on shipboard with what they obtained for the goods."

Many an American who has visited the Philippines will read these words with as much astonishment as Chau Ju Kua felt when he wrote them. "I saw no signs of this extraordinary honesty," he will say. "What about the cheating everywhere, even in schools? What about men in prison for theft and bribery?" He has forgotten the three dreadful centuries of oppression through

which the Philippines passed. When any nation lies prostrate under the grinding heel of another for generations, many victims will develop cunning and deception out of sheer self-defense.

Into these emerald isles came two men, one from the West, the other from the East, and the old days vanished.

The first man was an Arab, Abu Bakr by name, whose trading boat crept past India to Singapore, about the year 1450, and from there quietly slipped into the Philippines. The Arab wooed and won the princess of Sulu, and at last became king. We see Arab dress and customs (and whiskers) in Sulu to this day. Abu Bakr was a Mohammedan, and every Mohammedan is a zealous missionary of his religion. Swiftly five tribes of Sulu and Mindanao became Mohammedans. All the Islands would have followed that religion had not another man arrived seventy years later, this time from across the Pacific.

He was, many say, the world's greatest navigator. Ferdinand Magellan sailed from Spain round South America to the Philippines in 1521. After him came hundreds of shiploads of Spanish soldiers and priests, who held the Mohammedans at bay, swept the great bulk of the Filipinos into the Roman Catholic church, and left Spanish blood, words, dress, and customs scattered everywhere.

Four centuries have rolled past. Now there are left only a half million of the pagan peoples, far back in the mountains. There are another half million Mohammedans in the extreme south. All

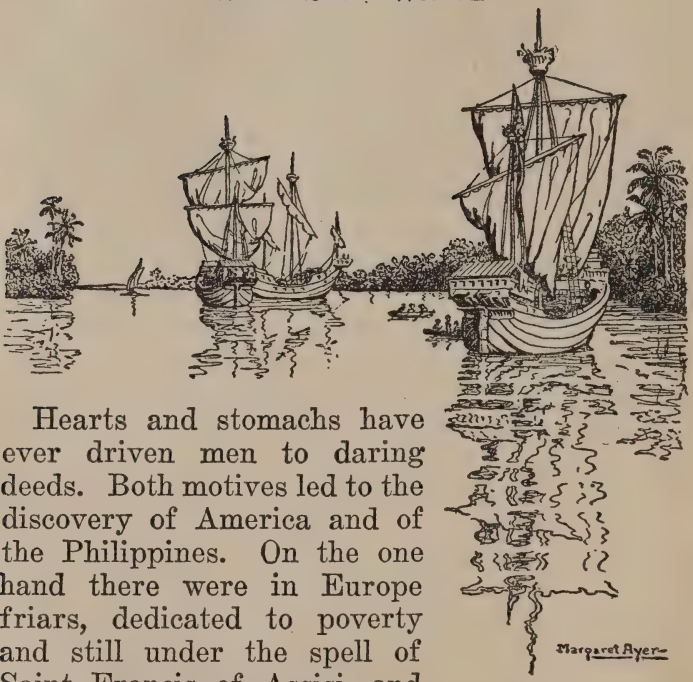
the rest of the Filipinos are classified as Christians—eleven millions of them.

Now we have solved the mystery. As we scan the faces of the crowds on the green Luneta at sunset, we know why we see such a fascinating variety—Malays of all types, Chinese, Indian, Arab, Spanish, and now American. Cultures from the corners of the earth have poured into these seven thousand islands and have fused under the burning heat of patriotism into a nation.

How all this has happened is one of the most dramatic chapters in all history.

III

WHY SPAIN CAME AND WHY SHE WENT



Hearts and stomachs have ever driven men to daring deeds. Both motives led to the discovery of America and of the Philippines. On the one hand there were in Europe friars, dedicated to poverty and still under the spell of Saint Francis of Assisi, and Jesuits like good Francis Xavier, aflame with the passion to carry their crucified Lord to the ends of the earth. On the other hand, the stomachs of Europeans craved seasoning for their food. The poor peasants cultivated a taste for sauerkraut, Limburger cheese, and old meat, while the rich, says the author of a fascinating little book called

Hawaii and the Philippines, bought spices, such as nutmeg, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, and ginger, to conceal tainted flavor and to make their meals more appetizing.

The spices came chiefly from the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, which you will find four hundred miles south of the Philippines. They were cheap when they left those islands, but by the time they had made their nine-thousand-mile journey to Europe the spices were worth their weight in gold, for they had to be handled many times. Traders first carried them to Malacca. There Arab ships picked them up and bore them to Egypt. The Sultan of Egypt exacted a hundred per cent duty, and allowed caravans of camels to carry them over the Isthmus of Suez (there was no Suez Canal then). European traders bore them from Suez to Venice, where rich people paid a pound of gold for a pound of pepper. How to get to those Spice Islands by a cheaper and safer route was the burning question of the day.

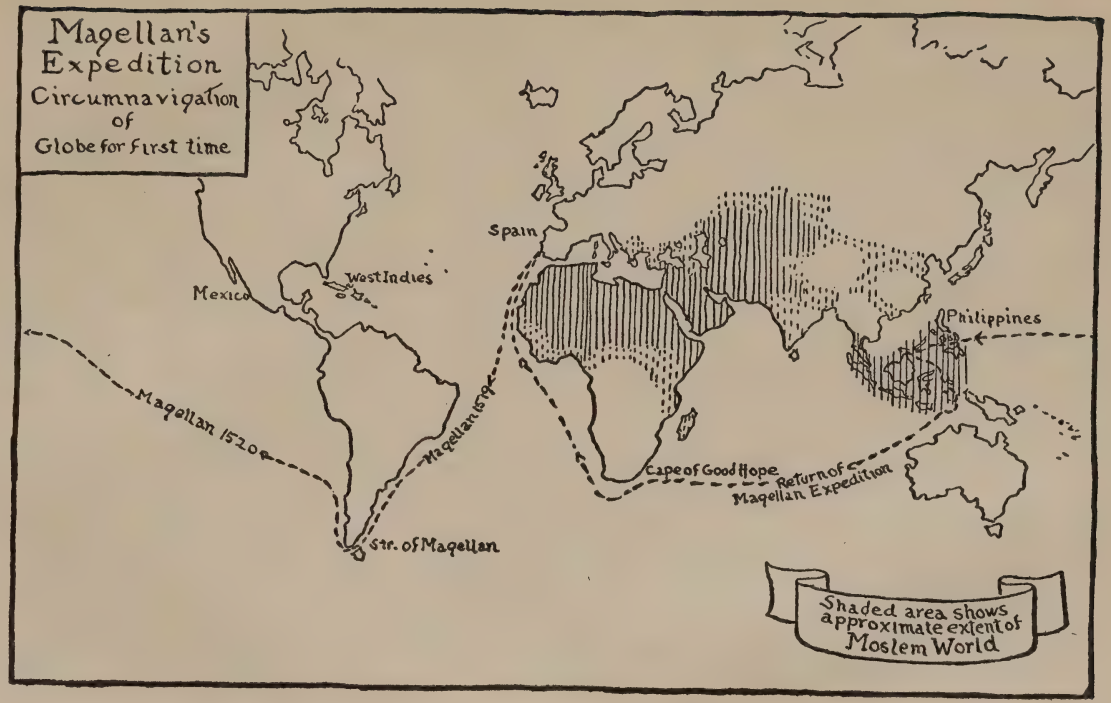
Columbus, like many wise men before his day, felt sure the earth was shaped like a ball, though he thought the ball was only half as large as it really is. So in 1492 he started to find the Spice Islands by sailing west. He ran into the American continent and could not find a way around it. Magellan, who had already tried the route around Africa, now persuaded the King of Spain to give him six ships, and started around America. Magellan had more troubles than Columbus ever had. One ship was wrecked; a second escaped and re-

turned to Spain; the sailors on the third mutinied and were thrown into chains. It was a year before he could find a passage below South America.

The three ships had sailed into the unknown Pacific, the greatest body of water on our planet. Ninety-nine days passed with no sight of land, yet that daring captain pressed on. "We are starving," wailed the crews. "Strip the hides from the masts, soak them in the ocean and cook them. We will not turn back," said Magellan. He ate the same food as the sailors, and kept longer watches than any other man. A hundred days after they left South America they came upon the little island of Guam. A week later they struck the coast of Mindanao (in 1521). They had missed the Spice Islands by only four hundred miles.

A few days later Magellan reached the settlement of Cebu, and was received by the king with the splendid hospitality for which the Filipino people have always been noted. He was so pleased that he petitioned: "Gracious monarch, permit me to destroy every foe you have!" The brave sea captain had become rash and boastful. He crossed the bay to the little island of Mactan, a half mile from Cebu, with only sixty of his crew, having refused all other aid, and attacked the Mactan chief. The Spaniards were overwhelmed by superior numbers, and Magellan himself, while trying to get into his boat, was killed. Such was the end of one of the most daring navigators in all the history of adventure.

Magellan's three boats sailed south to the Spice


Magellan's Expedition
Circumnavigation of Globe for first time
Spain
West Indies
Mexico
Philippines
Magellan 1520
Magellan 1521
Str. of Magellan
Cape of Good Hope
Return of Magellan Expedition
Shaded area shows approximate extent of Moslem World

Islands. One of them, the *Victoria,* loaded up with spices and sailed off round Africa for Spain. She reached Seville three years after she had started—the first boat to go round this planet since it began to whirl through space. This was how, in 1521, Spain came to claim ownership of the seven thousand emeralds.

Hundreds of intrepid Spaniards followed Magellan, some drawn by the lure of gold, and some by the call of God. Many of the friars had the same Christlike spirit as the saintly Las Casas, who went with the first Spaniards to Cuba. Las Casas tells us in his diary that he had his hands full trying to minister to the Cubans before his fellow-Spaniards, the soldiers, massacred them. He said, "I had the blessed privilege of baptizing five thousand infants, and they were evidently predestined to eternal glory, for a few months later when I returned I found that our soldiers had killed them all."

Cuba, Mexico, South America and the Philippines regarded the friars and Jesuits as angels compared to the heartless soldiers. It is easy to understand why the Filipinos fled to the friars for refuge, joined their churches in the hope of being sheltered, and obeyed their every order. Within twenty years after the arrival of the first Spanish friar, nearly half the Filipinos had become Roman Catholics.

The friars introduced European seeds, and taught the Filipinos to build roads, to make bricks, and to build better houses. They established

schools and hospitals and homes for orphans. The King of Spain recognized their enormous usefulness, and, especially because they knew the Filipino languages, depended upon them as the real powers behind the government.

The friars were human, and they were in a backwash of civilization ten thousand miles from the eyes of Europe. Hardly knowing what was happening to them, they failed to progress, failed to guard their own conduct, and sank into drunkenness, luxury and oppression. The early love and confidence of the Filipinos turned into distrust and at last into sullen hatred. Sixty years after the arrival of the friars, the Philippines had their first revolution. Each decade revolutions increased in number and in force. Thirty-one took place before the year 1868, all of them suppressed by the annihilation of the rebels.

Few people know that Spain became a republic for four brief years, from 1868 to 1872. She sent to the Philippines a governor who opposed friar control and who encouraged the Filipinos to tell him the whole story of oppression and decay. And they told it. Fire did not fall from heaven, so they told more. "The friars," they said, "have taken all the best land in the Islands, and they have raised the rent until we cannot live. No poor man can marry or bury his dead without paying them crushing fees." All the suppressed anguish of two hundred years broke forth. But suddenly in the midst of this torrent of complaint Spain became a monarchy once more. The republican

governor vanished; the old oppressive governor returned; what would happen now?

Every man and woman who had complained openly was dragged to prison. Three beloved Filipino priests were taken out to Bagumbayan field and executed by that horrible machine called the *garrote.* Pure-blooded Filipinos were simply killed off. But Spain could not treat those with mixed Spanish and Filipino blood so sharply. These *mestizo* boys and men were exiled to the Caroline Islands, to the Chefarinas, to Africa, and to Mindanao. They easily escaped from their island prisons and reached Spain. Here they joined masonic lodges, and behind closed doors dreamed great dreams for their country. They were homesick, burning under the wrongs of their bleeding country, loving her as they never had loved her before. The cause of the Filipino people was born among these exiles. And the greatest martyr to that cause was José Rizal. His noble life and tragic death have been told in our first chapter.

As the news of his having been shot spread throughout the Islands it set men on fire. For the first time in history every part of the Philippines was in revolt at the same moment. A young school teacher left his school and took charge of the Philippine army. He became the now famous General Emilio Aguinaldo. Everywhere the Spaniards found themselves in peril, and in a few months sued for peace. The Filipinos made seven demands: "Expel the friars; make both the

church and the press free; put Filipinos in the Cortes [congress] of Spain; return lands the friars stole to their owners; never banish Filipinos; give us justice in courts; pay our officials as much as foreign officials are paid."

"I will do it all and give you three million pesos besides," said the governor to Aguinaldo, "if you will leave the Islands to prove your good faith."

So Aguinaldo took four hundred thousand pesos as first payment, and departed for Hongkong. His vessel was not yet out of sight when the governor laughed at the joke he had played upon the Filipinos. But he did not laugh long. Nine days later the revolution was as bad as ever. The infuriated Filipinos killed forty of the friars and took three hundred others prisoners. The other friars fled for their lives. Five hundred took ships to distant countries, and two hundred and fifty shut themselves up behind their convent walls in Manila, afraid to venture forth even to conduct mass.

Aguinaldo was in Hongkong, purchasing little gunboats and ammunition with the money the Spanish governor had given him. And then an event took place which changed the history of the Philippines. America declared war against Spain.

My mind goes back to the days when I was a boy of thirteen. With what anger I read of the oppression of the Cubans by "Butcher" Weyler. How I leaped with delight when the papers announced that we had gone to their rescue! Eight days later, May 1, 1898, great headlines shrieked

to the world: "Dewey Has Sunk the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay."

Out came our geographies. Trembling with excitement, my father and I searched the map of Cuba for Manila Bay. It wasn't there—nor in the Caribbean Sea, nor in Spain, nor in all South America! What ailed our geographies? Ah, here it was, a harbor among islands below Japan, as far around the world from Cuba as it could possibly be. What was Dewey doing there? We were as ignorant as that, and so were all the people in our town, and all the people in the United States, from the President down, thirty years ago. Anyhow, a Spanish fleet had been sunk, and the headlines read: "Dignified Senators Forget Dignity and Yell Hip Hooray."

General Aguinaldo happened to be in Singapore when that battle took place. He told our consul in Singapore that he would help America, provided the Philippines were given their independence. The consul, Mr. Spencer Pratt, cabled this to Admiral Dewey, and Dewey cabled back, "Tell Aguinaldo come soon as possible."

So the Filipino general hurried back to Manila Bay with some little gunboats, and sent out a manifesto containing these words: "Compatriots! Divine Providence is about to place independence within our reach. . . . The Americans are our redeemers."

The Filipinos rallied to this magic challenge. They set up a republic, and floated their new flag over the gunboats beside our battleships. So des-

perately did they attack the Spanish army that they drove it back into Manila. By the time the American infantry had arrived, the Spanish were eager to lay down their arms. "We will surrender," the Spanish general said to General Merritt of the American forces, "providing you will not permit the Filipinos to enter the city, for we fear they may murder us." And so the Filipino troops, after winning the war, were forbidden to enter Manila when the Americans took possession.

"Forget this little humiliation," said Aguinaldo to his army, "for soon our benefactors will be leaving."

But the Americans did not leave. President McKinley was perplexed about the Philippines. Neither he nor any other real American wanted territory on the eastern hemisphere, for that seemed to contradict the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. How could we expect other nations to keep out of America if we went to Asia? And yet what was to be done with the Islands? Turn them back to Spain? Certainly not. Leave them to themselves? No, for then some other power would soon have them. President McKinley walked the floor of the White House night after night, as he later confessed, and finally decided, "There was nothing left for us to do but to take them, and uplift, and Christianize, and civilize, and educate them as our fellow-men for whom Christ died." There were, unfortunately—as there always are—others who urged the United States to retain the Islands for less worthy reasons. Some said this

country needed a military outpost so that she could defend her interests in Asia. These were the kind of people who are forever planning wars with other countries. Some had exploitation of the Islands for private profit in mind. Although there were millions who thought America should withdraw at once, the large majority felt with President McKinley that this would not be wise. So America stayed, but without making clear to the Islands what the best of her motives were.

The enthusiasm of the Filipinos for their deliverers grew cooler. A month passed and it turned to suspicion; another month, and another, and another. The tension grew. Ten months passed. The Filipinos were convinced that they had been deceived by America just as they had been deceived by Spain. The situation had all the possibilities of a powder magazine. An American sentry, W. W. Grayson, struck the match. These are his own words: "Something rose up twenty feet from us. I yelled halt . . . the man moved. . . . I thought the best thing to do was to shoot him. He dropped. . . ." War broke out—needless and deeply deplorable.

Of course our soldiers drove the Filipinos back, for they were barefooted, starved, with few guns and little ammunition. And yet General Lawton in a report sent to America wrote, "They are the bravest men I have ever seen. . . . What we want is to stop this accursed war. . . . These men are indomitable. . . . Such men have a right to be heard. All they want is a little justice."

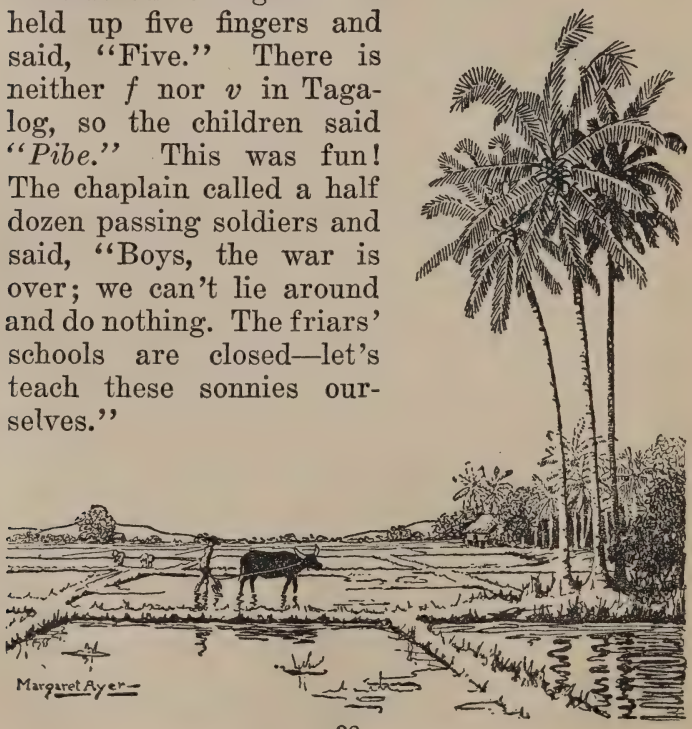
The American people were astounded to learn that these Filipinos whom we had so recently gone to aid had turned upon us. We simply could not understand it. President McKinley sent a commission headed by President Schurman of Cornell University to find out what the war was about. Our representatives interviewed many leaders and soon discovered that at the bottom was misunderstanding. We had not understood them, and they had not understood us. So President Schurman issued a proclamation to the Filipinos in which he promised that America would "satisfy the demands and highest aspirations of the Filipino people." He also made an utterance so lofty and prophetic that it will never die. It has indeed become a classic expression for the Filipino youth: "The destiny of the Philippine Islands is not to be a state or territory of the United States, but a daughter republic of ours, a new birth of liberty on the other side of the Pacific, a model of Christian democracy, and a beacon of hope for all the benighted millions of the Asiatic continent."

The very day on which the Philippine Congress received that proclamation they declared peace. It was May 1, 1899, just a year after Dewey sank the Spanish fleet. A war which never would have started if President Schurman had been sent six months earlier, slowly fell to pieces—a war of ignorance, as nearly every war is. Americans and Filipinos again gripped hands and started out upon the glorious adventure together.

IV

A NEW BIRTH OF LIBERTY

It was August 14, 1898, the day after Spain surrendered Manila. An American chaplain, W. D. McKinnon of the 1st California Volunteers, strode into the city and entered an empty schoolroom, followed by curious boys and girls. They understood no English. He held up five fingers and said, "Five." There is neither *f* nor *v* in Tagalog, so the children said "*Pibe.*" This was fun! The chaplain called a half dozen passing soldiers and said, "Boys, the war is over; we can't lie around and do nothing. The friars' schools are closed—let's teach these sonnies ourselves."



In five minutes the room was packed with children, and the soldiers were having the time of their lives. The chaplain told General Merritt, and the general replied, "Wonderful idea! I make you superintendent of schools."

Within a week, schools had started all over the city, and by the end of the year there were more children in school than Manila ever had before. "It is to be doubted," says Russell, "whether in the annals of man's wars there is another such incident—a conquering army taking first to school teaching!"

Well do I remember a soldier coming to our Pennsylvania normal school and saying to the students, "We want a thousand American teachers to come over to the Philippines. How many of you will volunteer?" All of us wanted to go, but they selected only two men from the school, the two best. From colleges and normals they chose the very pick of the nation. In 1901 the now famous transport *Thomas* steamed from San Francisco to Manila, crowded with six hundred young teachers, the largest number of college men and women that ever went from one nation to teach in another.

When the *Thomas* reached Manila each teacher prepared a packet consisting of a plate, knife, fork, spoon, blanket, mosquito net, and a waterproof oil bag to hold a half-dozen books. Then they all started off through the swamps and jungles to their assigned posts, not knowing what enemies they might encounter.

They met an enemy they could not see—disease —lurking everywhere. The Philippines had been almost, as one writer says, "a nation of invalids." The water supply even in Manila was not "fit for a bath." Sixty per cent of the babies died before they were a year old, and scourges of smallpox, cholera, and bubonic plague swept away thousands of people.

The American teachers, in their inexperience, were careless about mosquito bites. In a few weeks many of them were shivering and red-eyed from malaria. If they were careless about drinking boiled water they soon were helpless with amœbic dysentery. The ranks of the thousand teachers became pretty much shattered.

Jack Wilson, the youngest teacher of them all, plunged into the deep, unknown interior. Rivers he ferried on flimsy bamboo rafts; dizzy cliffs he scaled where a false step would have meant death a thousand feet below. Drenched with rain one day and with perspiration the next, he struggled and stumbled on to his destination. Footsore from his long journey, he had to find shelter for the night. He asked in broken Spanish of a pleasant-faced man, "Where can I find a place to sleep?"

The hospitality of Oriental people never fails. The Filipino bowed like a prince. "Jacinto Nebreda, at your service. Sleep in my humble home, Señor Americano; it is yours."

"Si, señor," cried Jack Wilson. *"Muchas gracias!"*

Señor Nebreda gave a loud "Hist!" and a barefooted servant arrived and took the load from the teacher's tired back. Host, teacher, and servant went down the street, followed at a distance by a crowd of silent, wide-eyed children. On either side was a fence of sharpened bamboo pickets, tied to bamboo rails by means of behooka—a tough forest vine. Behind the fences were bamboo houses, all on stilts five or six feet high, and here and there was a mansion in Spanish style where rich men dwelt. Jacinto Nebreda, however, belonged to the poor peasant class.

As the three men entered an open gate, a thin black dog snarled, snapped at the stranger's pants leg, and ran away. Jack Wilson laughed, and climbed a bamboo ladder into the little home of his host. Four children, the youngest three, the oldest ten, all of them thin-armed and large-bellied (for they had *beriberi*), gazed intently at their visitor out of lovely, great black eyes. The oldest child gently raised and lowered a bamboo pole, on the end of which hung a basket containing a four-months-old baby chewing its toe. The housewife entered from the little kitchen and bowed with a modest graciousness that charmed the teacher. He noticed her large eyes, and the raven hair which would have dragged on the floor if it had been free. The train of her skirt, a yard long, was tucked into her belt. From her belt dangled also a bunch of keys. "For what?" he wondered. One key, he guessed, was for the camphorwood box which lay in the corner. Señor Nebreda saw his

glance and said, "La Señora keeps our family treasures there." The only other furniture in the room was a table and two benches.

"Pardon my humble home, señor," said the host.

"Do not apologize," answered Jack Wilson. "My father was raised in a log cabin smaller than your home, and," he added, "I'm proud of it!"

Jack Wilson was fascinated by the house. There was not a nail to be seen. It was literally tied together from top to bottom. The floor was of shiny bamboo slats two inches wide, tied down with behooka. The cracks were so wide that pigs and chickens could be seen on the ground below. The walls were also of bamboo tied together with behooka. There was no ceiling. The roof was made of an enormous swamp grass called nipa, and was tied on to bamboo rafters with behooka. Four crooked rough posts ran from the ground through the corners of the house to the roof. They were of malave, a wood so hard and heavy that in water it sinks like a stone. The shutters over the four wide windows were made of nipa tied on to a bamboo frame with behooka. And the hinges and locks for windows and doors were, of course, behooka.

A hen squawked, and presently the fragrance of stewed chicken greeted Jack Wilson's nostrils. He sat down before an entire fowl—liver, gizzard, heart, even head and feet included. Beside it was a plate heaped with steaming rice, and a cup of rich black chocolate. It was all his.

He followed his host across the undulating bamboo floor to a tiny bedroom which was separated from the *sala* by a partition eight feet high. It contained but one article of furniture, a wide bamboo bench covered with a prettily designed mat and a high, hard, red pillow. This bench was the teacher's bed; the family would sleep on the floor of the *sala*. He fastened his mosquito net—with behooka—and lay down to sleep. He had forgotten the cracks in the floor, so the mosquitoes had a rare feast, for the guest was too tired to slap bites. The other occupants of the house, sleeping on mats stretched across the floor, were wiser, for they pulled their thin blankets over their heads and were completely enveloped, except where an occasional foot or hand emerged. Yet were they wiser? Tuberculosis in those days was in nearly every family, and this method of sleeping was undoubtedly a contributing cause.

As the sun peeped over the eastern mountain, a little black and golden fighting cock crowed defiance to the universe. The teacher sprang from his bed, dreaming that somebody had yelled "Fire!" Below him in the cool river he saw all the family taking their morning plunge, clad in thick muslin underclothes which make excellent bathing suits.

That day Jack Wilson found a building and opened his school, though he had neither desks nor blackboards. He really did not need them at first, for the only thing he could do for some

months was to teach the children to speak English. You would have laughed at almost every word. The children and teacher laughed too. Think of a huge ex-football star standing before a mob of children, pointing frequently at his mouth, chewing imaginary peanuts, and repeating, "Eat—eat—no, no!—eat—*this* way—eat!" Through the window peered adoring fathers and mothers, imitating the teacher's gestures. They wanted an education too.

The reward was great. The Filipinos knew Jack Wilson loved them, and they loved back. Every morning his table was loaded with presents—oranges, bananas from three inches to a foot long, mangoes which look like pears and taste like peaches tinged with a little turpentine, papayas as large and luscious as honeydew melons, lansones as sweet as grapes.

Teacher, parents and children all worked together, making benches and tables of bamboo. They needed but one carpenter's tool, and that every Filipino farmer carries. The *bolo* is like a huge butcher's knife, two feet long and nearly a quarter of an inch thick. It probably is given over to more uses than any other implement ever invented—splitting cocoanuts, blazing trails, hunting, sharpening pencils, cutting grass, digging ditches, building houses, and I myself have seen it used for shaving, turning flapjacks, and conveying food to the mouth.

Jack Wilson forgot that his pupils had brown skins, and felt they were his own children. He

liked their low laughter, their gentle voices, their eagerness to say kind things, their attention as they tried to catch every word. It was a pleasure to teach them penmanship, only it was not long before many of them could write better than their teacher. Filipinos have the deft fingers of artists, and learn to write or to make pen drawings with wonderful quickness. They were orators, too. No Filipino is ever supposed to stumble or hesitate in his speech. If he forgets he improvises, and nobody knows the difference. And as for debating, all America knows Filipinos can do that. In 1928 a team from the University of the Philippines debated twenty-five leading American universities on the question of Philippine independence, and won every debate.

Jack Wilson also introduced American sports. The boys became wildly enthusiastic about baseball. But the girls were more difficult. In Spanish times it was considered improper for girls to run even a few steps. Indeed, with their long trains, running was nearly impossible for them. As the years went by, the more daring girls began to wear American dresses when they played ball. Now every high school has a girls' indoor baseball team (though they play out of doors), and the girls draw larger crowds than the boys. Boxing has become so popular that it has had to be held down rather than encouraged; too many boys were aspiring for lightweight championships. Swimming is popular, for in the water one keeps cool while exercising, although one is never quite free

from apprehension about sharks, crocodiles, or jelly-fish. Tennis, basketball, and track work have also accomplished a miracle of health. Once children came to school with pasty skins and chicken breasts and thin arms. Now their muscles are firm, their chests have broadened, their faces are brighter, their eyes shine with new radiance.

What Jack Wilson found most delightful was the Filipino music. Nearly everybody had some sort of stringed instrument. Some of the boys could play on anything, from a violin to a musical saw. Every moonlight night—moonlight bright enough to read a newspaper by—lovesick youths would play plaintive melodies beneath the windows of their lady-loves. When they came to the teacher's house they would play on mandolin and guitar while they sang:

> Way down upon the Suwanee River, far, far away,
> There's where my heart is turning ever,
> There's where the old folks stay.

One morning a letter came that read:

DEAR MR. WILSON:

I have the honor to inform you that, as you have been with the Bureau of Education two years, you are entitled to free transportation to America. We are delighted with your teaching, however, and hope you will remain with us longer.

DAVID BARROWS,
Director of Education

Two years! It had seemed but a month. So many things unfinished! Jack did not hesitate. On the next post went his reply:

I feel that we must finish several important matters which we have begun, so I shall stay two more years. Besides, I find the people charming.

More months slipped by. Then cholera came, killing people like flies. The schools were closed. Jack Wilson, acting as a health officer, went from house to house telling the people, "Boil all the water you use. Dip your dishes into boiling water; screen food from the flies; keep your hands out of your mouths." Big-hearted man that he was, he followed the groans of patients dying from thirst and gave them water. He tried to be careful, but it got him. In three hours he was dead.

Some years later as I stood beside the white stone marking his grave, a Filipino, now superintendent of schools in that province, said to me, "I owe everything I am to him. What a friend he was to us all!"

Eight hundred other teachers in every corner of the Islands were fighting diseases, and some lost the battle. But for every teacher who fell, another steamed across the Pacific to fill the ranks. There are twenty-six thousand Filipino teachers now, and over a million students. Another million clamor to get into the schools. Each year you may see long lines waiting for admission, and going home weeping when told the schools are full.

Millions of Filipinos are on the road to rugged

health. Since 1906 there has been no great outbreak of cholera, for people know exactly what to do if that dread disease comes in from Asia. Smallpox too has been vanquished by vaccination. The marks of its former victories are seen on nearly half the older faces, however, for mothers used to expose their babies to smallpox, so that if they lived they would have already met what was regarded as an inevitable curse. The people thought malaria was another inescapable disease in former times, but now children learn to use mosquito nets and to cooperate in exterminating mosquitoes at their source, in the breeding places.

Many Filipino houses and homes reveal the results of industrial education in the schools. Each boy must make a bed, a pretty table, and several chairs as a Christmas present for his own parents before he can graduate from high school. Studying new ideas in seeds and culture enables the boys to show their fathers how to raise from two to five times the corn, rice, cocoanuts, chickens, pigs, and carabaos they could raise before, and how to protect them from ever lurking diseases.

The girls study how to prepare balanced diets. Many a baby brother who once had *beriberi* from improper feeding, begins now to have chubby legs and rosy cheeks. Charming pictures and pennants on the walls, curtains over the windows, fragrant flowers around the house, all show the effect of lessons in artistic housekeeping.

Yes, it has been worth all it has cost—better health, better crops, better houses, better clothes

—all these things are fine. And yet nobody is quite satisfied. A study of the Philippine schools made by Dr. Paul Monroe and other American educators in 1925 starts out: "The student will scan the pages of history long before he will read of an adventure in human enlightenment more bold than any which has been undertaken in this Oriental setting. . . ." You read on with enthusiasm until you reach page 96—and then you have a chill. "Important moral and character-building aspects of education have been neglected. . . . One of the greatest deficiencies has been the low standard of honesty and truthfulness. . . . Relations of the sexes . . . present a serious menace. . . . This defect of moral education has created a demand for religious instruction in schools."

The authorities are in a dilemma. Every educator agrees that the students must have religion. If America were to rob them of that, they would be worse off than before. Yet most educators insist that the government cannot and must not do the religious teaching. One reason the government gives is that the churches themselves do not agree as to the religious ideas they want to have taught. Another reason it gives is that religion ought to be wholly free from political control, so that it may throw the white light of inquiry and criticism upon the government itself. The function of government is to enact the will of the people, whereas the function of religion is to ennoble the will of the people. If religion cannot be taught in the schools, says the Christian educator

in reply, then the churches must assume the burden of the teaching. The goal of our religious education is Christlike character. When trained minds and strong bodies are made servants of soaring souls, Christian democracy in the Philippines will succeed. To this end America must offer missionaries to the Philippines as generously as she has offered school teachers.

V

YOUNG AMERICANS OFFER TO HELP

Another big thing started in August, 1898, the day after our army first entered Manila. Two Y.M.C.A. workers, Charlie Glunz and Frank Jackson, pitched a tent by the Pasig River and filled it with folding stools. The next day was Sunday, so Charlie and Frank called to the soldiers, "Come on, boys. This country has won religious liberty at last, so now we're going to practise it. We'll hold the first public Protestant service these Islands ever saw."

The tent was crowded until it bulged like a balloon as the soldier boys sang Fling Out the Banner, and Fight the Good Fight. Then Charlie Glunz gave them a straight talk:

"We know what soldiers generally do when they capture a town—drink, gamble, abuse the people and their property, and all that. But let's make this different. Let's help these Filipino people. That's what you enlisted for, to help them. Make a resolution with me, boys, that

everybody we meet here will be better and happier because we have come."

He paused. In the silence faint cries could be heard. The soldiers whispered, "What was that?" Through the flap of the tent they could see the twenty-foot-thick wall which surrounded the ancient city. Beyond it was a stinking moat which had caused the death of a hundred times more people than it ever protected, for it was a paradise for malarial mosquitoes. The moat has been filled for a quarter of a century, but the wall still stands. It was from tiny windows in the wall that the cries were coming. The soldiers realized what they meant, and rushed out. They battered down the heavy wooden doors of the dungeons that were in the walls, and led eleven hundred Filipino prisoners out to freedom. One was a woman who had been thrown into the dungeons just before her baby was born in 1888, and that child had been kept a prisoner too for ten years.

In the largest of these dungeons Chaplain John Stull decided to hold a solemn Episcopal service by the dim light of candles. Filipinos followed the soldiers into the den of death, made sacred by Rizal, Zamora, and a thousand other martyrs. They were probably relatives of the released prisoners; at least they kept saying, "Thank the Lord," through the whole service. The scene had a strange melting effect upon the American soldiers. Eight soldiers told the chaplain at the end of the meeting that from that hour they wanted to begin all over again and try to be better Chris-

tians. The minister wrote in his diary, "What a marvelous day this has been. I pray that God may make that gloomy dungeon the beginning of wonderful things in these Islands."

And it was. Chaplain Stull received a visit from five Filipinos, all former exiles. "Your religion," they told him, "is what our country needs more than anything you can give her. We have come to ask you to hold services for Filipinos."

"My own duty is to the soldiers," replied the chaplain, "but my friend Mr. Arthur Prautch speaks Spanish, and he will hold the meeting." And thus it happened that an American lumber merchant conducted the first Protestant service ever held openly for Filipinos.

When Bishop Thoburn of India visited Manila six months later he had the great surprise of his life. Hundreds of people were already thoroughly prepared for church membership. One never-to-be-forgotten Sunday he baptized six hundred and eighty-eight persons. The bishop could hardly wait to reach America so that he could tell about it. He called the secretaries of all the mission boards together in New York and said, "I have seen such an opportunity as has not been since the days of Martin Luther. We have no time to learn languages. Where can we find men who can speak Spanish now?"

Arthur Brown leaped to his feet and said, "We have a young man in Brazil who is a wizard with languages. He speaks Portuguese, which is so nearly like Spanish that he would be talking to the

Filipinos in two days. We'll cable for him." James Rodgers and his wife in Brazil trembled with excitement when they received the cable. They packed up their goods and sped towards the Philippines as fast as they could go.

James Rodgers left his wife and babies in Canton, China, for the unfortunate war of misunderstanding between Filipinos and Americans was still raging. He arrived alone in Manila—the first Protestant missionary—on April 21, 1899, twelve days before Commissioner Schurman issued his famous proclamation about making the Philippines "a daughter republic of ours, a new birth of liberty, a model of Christian democracy . . ." The effect of that proclamation was electric; it split the Philippine revolution in two. The Philippine Congress declared for peace, but General Luna and most of the other military leaders fought on. Many leading Filipinos left their army, returned to Manila, and started the Federal party, which voted three things: to have peace, to trust America, and to become Protestants.

They asked James Rodgers to conduct a religious meeting in the Rizal Theater the following Sunday. The astonished young missionary found the theater packed to the doors. Thinking that all white people were drinkers, they began by offering Rodgers a glass of beer, and were much surprised when he politely declined to drink it. Then several men delivered fiery political speeches. Altogether the meeting was far from solemn in character.

The next Sunday was better. At the outset Señor Buencamino (his name means "good road") said, "*Caballeros,* out of respect for divine service, will you please throw your *cigarillos* on the floor, stamp out the fire, and remove your *sombreros?*" Then he led in saying the Lord's Prayer, phrase by phrase, the entire audience repeating each phrase after him with deep devotion. When, a few months later, they organized a church, there was "such a throng that it was necessary to station sentries at the door and allow only church members to enter."

Exactly three weeks after James Rodgers reached Manila, another young American arrived with a radiant smile that never came off and a sense of humor that made him popular wherever he went. At mention of his name today five thousand Filipino hearts beat faster—David Hibbard.

Hibbard had come to open a school, so he set off through the Islands to look for an ideal location. At last on the island of Negros he found what he considered the most beautiful spot he had ever seen—a marvelous swimming beach, no sharks nor crocodiles, no typhoons, no malaria. Tall, cool palms whispered to the breezes; lofty, green-clad mountains towered out of the west; and far to the south the jagged peaks of Rizal's exile home peeped over the horizon. David Hibbard had discovered a paradise of perpetual summer.

There in an old Spanish house began Silliman Institute, which has grown into one of the famous

mission colleges of the world. Thirty other young Americans have since joined the Hibbards—one of them Charlie Glunz, the Y.M.C.A. secretary who held the tent meeting that first Sunday in Manila. Twenty young Filipinos are also on the faculty. Its graduates think that Silliman is the best school in the world. If character-building is the test they are not far wrong, for this school does build men and women of splendid character and vision. "The Commission," says the Monroe report, "heard only words of praise for the graduates of Silliman." These graduates are in demand as teachers, bankers, treasurers, business men, doctors, for people like to trust them with money and even with life. They are reliable, for you know they are honest, clean, hard-working, and reverent. If you ask David Hibbard why they are like this his answer is, "Just one reason. At the center of Silliman life is a radiant, joyous loyalty to Jesus Christ."

Meanwhile the public schools were opening, hundreds, then thousands of them, in every corner of the Islands. Five million boys and girls, nearly half a nation, have been marching into the schools during a quarter of a century. Many thousands of them look back over their shoulders as they go, and wave a last good-by to the decaying old church of the Spanish friars.

"Where are you going, youth of the Philippines?" you inquire.

"How should *we* know?" they answer. "That is what we are asking America. What puzzles us

is this: Do we need religion any longer? Or shall the schoolhouse be our church, and science our god?"

If they ask their teacher that question he is silent, for his lips are sealed by iron-clad rules. He must not talk religion, not even in a Sunday school class. All he can say is, "Ask your parents."

"But our parents do not know. Many of them are asking *us*. Well, if you will not tell us, we can only follow what you do!"

As the average teacher does not go to church and never mentions religion, many students are leaving religion out of their lives. But many others are not. If a young missionary lives in their community, the kind of man that students love, they follow him until a new vision of Christ sets them all aflame. Filipino young people, like young people everywhere, are traveling in two directions: some living better lives than their parents, some worse. The first-year high school is the time when they usually choose which road they will take, for they leave home after finishing the eighth grade if they continue studying—at least nine out of ten of them do—, because there are no high schools in their home towns. There are only ninety high schools for the whole nation, and most of these are in large cities.

It is dangerous for eighth-grade graduates to be thrown into a large city all alone; especially dangerous for girls. For while they are at home, Filipino girls are surrounded by a stone wall of

mother protection. Many may not cross a street unless some older woman is along as chaperon. Then suddenly the high school calls them to live in city boarding houses, with no motherly advice, and with no high Christian ideals. There have been many character wrecks in consequence.

So the government appealed to the missionaries to help: "We cannot prevent moral catastrophes unless boys and girls are safe from the perils of large cities after school hours."

"You are missing a great opportunity," said David Barrows when he was Director of Education, "in not providing more dormitories. The government is not in a position to do this work, but will welcome it on the part of the churches."

So now in the environs of twenty high schools you will find pleasant dormitories—some for girls, and others for boys. Here leisure hours are filled with delightful recreation. No talent a missionary possesses is wasted there. Bertha Charles of Manila has built Camp Fire ideals into her dormitory. The accomplished singer and cornetist, Joe Moore of Vigan, has his dormitory resounding like Damrosch's music school. The ex-professional baseball player, George Dunlap of Cebu, has year after year produced the champion high school team of the Islands.

Every day in the dormitory begins with cheerful songs and talks about building health in body, mind and soul. The missionary becomes father or mother to the students, working day and night to help them and to lead them to a "radiant, joy-

ous loyalty to Jesus Christ." Sunday school and Young People's Society throb with soaring ideals and mighty resolves. If you meet, in the Philippines or in America, some Filipino with Christian ideals—and there are thousands of them—ask him if he ever lived in a mission school or dormitory. Three times out of four you will hit it right.

Doctors and hospitals, scattered from Aparri to Davao, constitute the fourth agency through which mission work is helping the Philippines to build up youth, youth which is strong in body, mind, and character. The "bawl room" of the Mary Johnson Hospital is one of the most fascinating sights in all the Philippines. From twenty to fifty tiny red infants lie in a row, not one over two weeks old and some not yet two hours old. Dr. Rebecca Parish has been called the "mother of ten thousand babies." Everybody of every race and religion appreciates what she has done for Manila. Besides her hospital work she finds time to visit the high schools, lecturing to the students on problems of morality and character building from the viewpoint of a doctor.

One morning through Tondo went the cry of "Fire!" The hospital was burning. Babies were carried out by the dozen under the arms of heroic nurses, and not a life was lost. Vast crowds gathered and prayed for the fire to stop, but something better than that happened. After the building was in ashes the poor people went home and gathered chickens, eggs, sweet potatoes, bananas, napkins, towels, soap, baby dresses, behooka, and

showered them upon the *Doctora,* while the rich people started a subscription and sent her enough money to build a better hospital than she had had before.

These are but a few examples of the two hundred missionaries who have tried to help the Philippines with churches, schools, dormitories, and hospitals. And they *have* helped! Their influence reaches far beyond the limits of the churches which they have established. They have set the moral pace for all high-minded people in the Islands. They have been helpful to the liberal and noble members of the Roman Catholic church, and some of the finest of the Roman Catholic leaders have expressed their appreciation. The *Catholic Historical Review* in 1917 says:

"The Protestant sects have not been without a quickening influence on Catholicism, for they have aided the establishment of the [Roman Catholic] church on the American basis, and the correction of undesirable conditions which had grown up during the Spanish control. The competition has served a good end for Catholicism, for it has put it on its mettle in a way it might never have been without it. The American clergy, I venture to think, recognize this fully."

In 1925 the Catholic Students of America sent a mission to study the Philippines. They reported that "by founding hospitals and dispensaries for the poor, secondary and industrial schools in the more important towns, and splendidly equipped 'dormitories' (boarding houses) for students at

Manila, the Protestant churches are doing a work of positive importance and value." The Roman Catholic church has removed practically all of the corrupt friars from the Islands and has replaced them with clean, progressive, well-educated priests from America, Ireland, Belgium, France, and Germany. Education has been greatly improved, beautiful schools and dormitories have been built, the reading of the Bible has been encouraged; in a word, the Roman Catholic church in the Philippines has come to resemble that in North America.

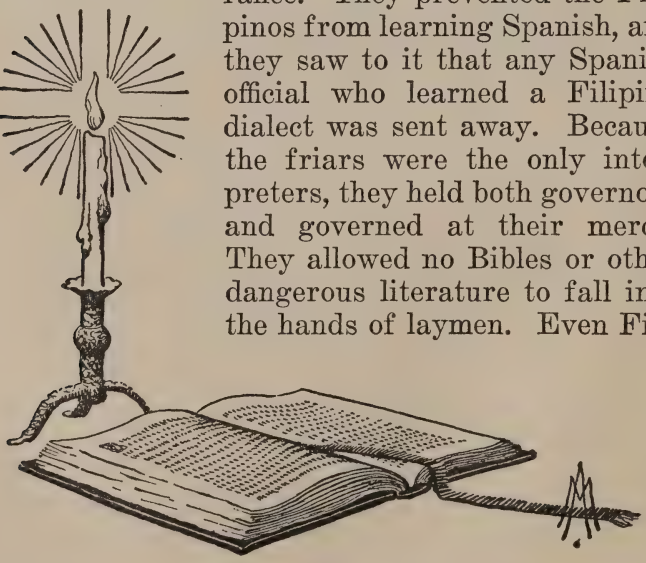
Every Christian ought to welcome these encouraging signs, for the struggle in the Philippines is not between Protestants and Catholics, but between Christianity and atheism, and in this Protestants and Catholics are on the same side.

VI

PERILOUS ADVENTURES WITH A BOOK

The last chapter left an unsolved mystery. Why could James Rodgers in 1899 write back to America, "These Filipinos have a desperate hunger for the gospel, unparalleled, I believe, in modern times"? The solution of this mystery is as strange as fiction.

Most of the early Spanish friars in the Philippines were saintly men, but their successors for the most part degenerated until, during the last two centuries, they were like spiders, holding both Filipinos and Spanish officials in a web of ignorance. They prevented the Filipinos from learning Spanish, and they saw to it that any Spanish official who learned a Filipino dialect was sent away. Because the friars were the only interpreters, they held both governors and governed at their mercy. They allowed no Bibles or other dangerous literature to fall into the hands of laymen. Even Fili-



pino priests at that time were given only small "safe" portions of the scriptures, which they were told to allow the people to hear but never to see.

The Filipinos were as human as the rest of us, and as curious. Here was a treasure involving their eternal destiny, and their oppressors kept it from them—why?

Meanwhile, just across the China Sea in Singapore, the British Bible Society "prayed and pondered long over such impenetrable regions as Tibet, Persia and the Philippines." In their employ was a young German Bible seller named Heinrich Hoffenden. One day—it was in 1870—he came into the office of the society full of excitement, and exclaimed, "Spain is a republic, and has sent a liberal governor to the Philippines. He has promised religious liberty, and the people have gone wild. Our prayers are answered. Give me some Bibles and let me go!"

So they sent him off on the next boat to Manila with a thousand Spanish Bibles. They left off the usual front pages and covers of these books so that nobody would recognize that they were Bibles, and called them sacred history. However, Hoffenden soon found that this precaution was needless. Everybody who could read Spanish bought the book all the more eagerly just because it was Protestant. But suddenly the short Spanish republic ended. The friars came back into power in the Philippines, and Hoffenden was lucky to escape with his life.

At every mass, the friars announced: "An agent of the devil has been selling false Bibles. All who deliver the books to us and do penance will be absolved, otherwise they will reap the swift vengeance of God."

A terrified penitent in the town of Manawag turned in his Bible to a Dominican named Manrique Alonzo Lallave, one of the few remaining friars of the heroic fifteenth-century type. From a sense of duty he read this "work of the devil" which Hoffenden had sold. As he followed the life of Jesus through the gospels, the friar had a week of terrible struggle with his conscience. The next Sunday he stood before his astonished people and said, "My children, I have read the book which I condemned last week, and find I was grievously mistaken. It is the purest spring of eternal truth. I may never see you again after today, but if God gives me life I shall somewhere, some day, atone by putting this Bible into your own language so that you may read it for yourselves."

Father Lallave was summoned at once to Manila and excommunicated that same week. Some friends led him at midnight down dark back streets to the seashore, rowed him out to an English ship in the harbor, and saw him sail off to safety. He went to England, where he became an Episcopal minister. Ten years later he went on to Spain, and became a warm friend of a missionary named Eric Lund.

One day he told Lund of a plan for carrying the Bible into the Philippines, translated into the na-

tive languages. In the room as they talked was a Spanish youth named Felipe P. Castells, twenty years of age. He had been such a bad boy and so unmanageable that his parents had sent him away from home. He had accepted an invitation to live with the Lunds, and had become an intense Christian, eager to do something heroic. As he listened to the plan of Lallave his eyes flashed and he exclaimed, "Please take me—I must go with you!"

Father Lallave finished his translation of the Gospels into Pangasinan and had it printed. Then he and his young friend fixed a false bottom in their trunk and placed under it seven Spanish Bibles, a Spanish Testament, and a Chinese Bible. The Pangasinan Gospels they carried with them in boxes, hoping that the government officials could not read the language and would let them by for a few coins.

As secretly as possible they steamed out of Barcelona, passing through the Suez Canal. They left two of their boxes at Singapore, and ventured on to Manila. This was in the year 1888. Their trunk arrived safely, but not the box of Pangasinan Gospels. Within a week both men were violently ill. An English doctor saved Castells' life, but old Father Lallave died.

The daring youth rose from his bed, weak and grief-stricken as he was, tore the false bottom out of his trunk, went out on the street, approached passers-by, and sold his nine Bibles one by one until he was arrested. But the mysterious death of the old priest and the courage of the young man

aroused a wave of sympathy and admiration. Besides, he belonged to the order of Masons and had hundreds of powerful Spaniards in Manila as his secret brothers. They succeeded in persuading the governor general to place the young Spaniard on a boat and send him away, with strict orders never to return. Thus his life was saved. But the enraged friars not only drove out the governor, but sent every member of the Masonic order they could detect to death or to exile. It would be interesting to know the fate of each of the nine volumes Castells sold, but we can trace only one of them down to this day.

Don Luis Yangco, a wealthy Filipino, passed a pale young Spaniard leaning against the wall. The youth asked in a low voice, "Señor, do you wish this book?"

"What is it?" asked the old man, taking it in his hands.

"The Bible! In Spanish! Three pesos."

"The Bible!" exclaimed the Filipino, turning pale and looking in every direction. "Yes. Here is the money."

Don Luis thrust the book under his coat and hurried on. At night he read secretly, hiding the book in the nipa of his house roof by day. Nobody knew he had it except his son Teodoro. In 1896 Don Luis was thrown into the dungeons of Fort Santiago, and was one of the eleven hundred whom the American troops saved when they entered Manila. But Teodoro had saved the Bible and read it every day. As soon as they heard of

the Evangelical meetings, father and son attended. When asked to tell his experience, Don Luis held up a very old, much used Spanish Bible and said, "So far as I know, my son and I were the first Protestants in the Philippines. We have been reading this book since 1888."

Today Teodoro Yangco is one of the most distinguished members of the United church in the Islands. He inherited large wealth, and finds the greatest joy of his life in giving it for worthy causes. The beautiful Y.M.C.A. buildings, and unnumbered churches large and small for which Teodoro Yangco gave more than any other man, represent only a part of his benevolence. Thousands of poor people whom he has helped in secret call him a saint. If anyone asks this grand old philanthropist of the Philippines how a man may grow in the spirit of Christ he will hold up his much-used Bible and say, as he has said to thousands of youth: "I commend to you the steady reading of the book of books, the Bible. I urge you to learn to enjoy the reading of the Sermon on the Mount, the greatest utterance ever made by man. It teaches us how a man should help his neighbor, and how he should love even his enemy. It teaches unselfishness, another rare virtue, so necessary among the citizens of a country that wants self-government."

We now pick up another dramatic thread. Three Filipino priests, you recall, were killed by the Spanish *garrote* just before José Rizal's mother was arrested in 1872. One of these priests

was Father Jacinto Zamora. There never was a more innocent man, and all the Zamora family knew it. They chafed for some opportunity to break away from the control of the friars. Paulino Zamora, a nephew of Jacinto, approached an old sea captain and said, "I will give you a hundred pesos if you will smuggle a Spanish Bible into this country for me." Three months later he had his Bible.

Knowing that it was dangerous to own this book in Manila, Paulino Zamora moved to Bulacan. There, behind closed doors every night, he read the precious book to his family by the dim light of a torch. The tensest face of all was that of his brilliant son Nicolas. The boy's mother was dead, and his father meant everything in the world to him. As the words came earnestly from the father's lips, Nicolas stored them in his memory and spent the next day repeating them. They set a fire burning in his young veins. With tremendous sacrifice his father saved enough money to hire a private tutor for Nicolas, who later attended the Santo Tomás University, where he took a degree in law. Then Rizal was shot, and the revolution was on. The Zamora house was surrounded, and the father was exiled to the Cheferina Islands. The son escaped and joined the revolution. He carried the precious Bible with him, and spent his spare moments reading it aloud to the soldiers, translating from Spanish to Tagalog as he read.

The war ended. Paulino Zamora returned from exile. "Father," said the son, after the first glad

welcome, "these Americans are holding religious services, and I have been attending. Five of us asked them to open a Filipino service, and they are beginning tonight."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the frail old exile. "The very thought of it makes me feel fifty years younger." So when Arthur Prautch opened his meeting that night, these two, father and son, sat on the front seat beside Luis and Teodoro Yangco. When Mr. Prautch asked Paulino Zamora if he had any suggestions, he replied, "I am not a public speaker, but I think my son Nicolas will say something."

The youth arose. Suddenly Arthur Prautch looked up in amazement. This young stranger, in perfect Spanish, with a voice like music, was telling of the garroting of his uncle; of the Bible his father had read, and entire books which he had himself memorized; of hundreds of others who he knew had read the precious book for years; and suddenly he broke into prayer: "Blessed God, we thank thee that the lock is off this book, which has so often before been the magna charta of freedom. Praise God, it is no longer a crime to read the Bible." And the Filipinos, forgetting it was a prayer, broke out into applause.

Nicolas Zamora became the first and, until his death in 1914, the greatest Filipino preacher. His work largely explains why Bishop Thoburn in 1899 could write back to America: "What was my amazement to find six hundred and sixty-two men, women, and children asking for baptism, and when

I questioned them I found them better acquainted with the Bible than any group I ever examined. When I asked the young preacher to read the scripture lesson he did not use the Bible, for he knew the chapter by heart."

Old Father Lallave and Felipe Castells had left two boxes of Pangasinan Gospels in Singapore before their fatal but fruitful trip to Manila. The British Bible Society kept these for ten years, hoping for another better chance. The surrender of Manila to General Merritt flashed through the cables, and the very next boat brought Charles Randall from Singapore with these Gospels, now yellow with age, and a big supply of Spanish Bibles. One of them Randall presented to General Aguinaldo, whose face, wrote Randall, "was radiant as he thanked us over and over, and assured us he would begin reading at once."

Then Charlie Glunz and Frank Jackson, the men who held that first Protestant meeting in a tent, went with Charlie Randall to Dagupan, the parish of Father Lallave, to sell the Pangasinan Gospels which he had translated. "Tell the people," Randall said to an interpreter, "that old Father Lallave would have brought them himself if poison had not stopped him."

The news spread like wildfire. The three Americans were nearly mobbed to death. A Chinese merchant, seeing the situation, called, "Come inside!" So they retreated into the store, locked the door behind them, and passed the Gospels out through the iron bars of the windows. An hour

later the boxes were empty. The spirit of Manrique Alonzo Lallave was happy. But not satisfied! All the people speaking Pangasinan must know the Bible, and all the people using other dialects as well.

The Filipino exiles who had escaped to Spain and there planned the liberation of their country, determined that the Bible should be unlocked to their people. Pascual Poblete in Madrid started to translate it into Tagalog. Cayatano Lukban started it in Bicol. Braulio Manikan, who lived with Eric Lund, started it in Visayan. Isabelo de los Reyes started it in Ilocano, and it brought out something in him which illustrates what dynamic energy is latent in the book.

Reyes had lain in prison until America defeated Spain. When released, he had wandered through the streets of Barcelona in destitution, and had been picked up by an anarchists' club which soon made him a desperate foe of government and religion. He had been thrown into prison again for blowing up a building. There Raymond Walker, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, found him and gave him a New Testament, and the young Filipino caught a vision of Christ. When he was released from prison he translated the New Testament into Ilocano.

Meanwhile the Filipino government appointed Reyes for a very responsible mission. He was to intercede with the Pope at Rome to appoint Filipinos instead of Spaniards as bishops. The papal delegate replied sharply, "Not if all the friars are

beheaded will Rome appoint Filipinos as bishops." So Isabelo de los Reyes returned to the Philippines in 1901, burning with indignation and determined to start an independent church. He found many Filipino priests enraged at the answer of the Pope, and ready to join the new church. Father Aglipay, their leading Filipino priest, was made *Obispo Maximo.* It was the strategic moment, and incredible numbers swept into the Independent Filipino Church. By the year 1905 Bishop Aglipay declared there were four million members. An Irish friar named Ambrose Coleman visited the Philippines that year, and published an alarming article declaring that "freedom, if given at present to the revolutionary party, would mean . . . the destruction of the Catholic religion in the Philippine archipelago."

The Roman Catholic church set to work to repair the damage. The Spanish friars were withdrawn, and in their place came democratically minded priests from Europe and America. Hatred of the friars, which had animated the new Independent Church, died down. Many people began to feel that this church lacked the beauty and holiness for which their lives were hungering. How indeed could the church have been fit for the task when its leaders had been trained only in the schools of the Spanish friars? Many of those who had been stampeded into the Independent church drifted back into the Roman Catholic church, or joined Protestant mission churches, or gave up religion entirely. A million and a half people are

still following Bishop Aglipay and hoping for a better day.

When we know the tragic history of the Filipinos, their desperate eagerness for the Bible, the story of these last years since the Bible was unlocked is no longer a mystery, but it does not cease to be thrilling. Many thousands of fathers and mothers who had never gone to school learned the alphabet from their children so that they might read the sacred book. Old Feliza Malahay, of Guijulngan, when she was past ninety was taught to read by her eleven-year-old great-great-granddaughter, because, as she said, she "had to see the story of Jesus for herself."

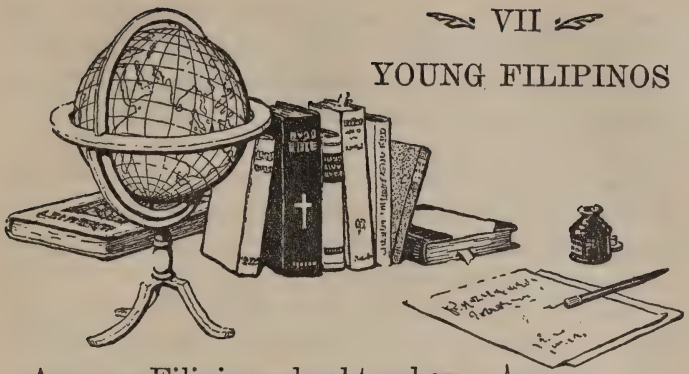
The American Bible Society had finished translating the entire Bible into seven Filipino dialects, and had it partly finished in seven more; they were keeping the presses of Tokyo hot, meeting the orders. Then the terrible Japanese earthquake of 1923 destroyed every plate. When Secretary George Cameron heard the news in Manila he said, "My heart bleeds for the stricken Japanese. For the plates we shall not shed a tear. We shall turn this disaster into a blessing by making better Bibles than ever." So the translators went to work at their long task of revising over half a million words, and a few months later the presses of Manila were turning out little paper-bound portions of the Bible as fast as they were finished, representing translations in fourteen languages.

Thus did many factors work together: the spirit of liberty; the effort of the public schools,

teaching millions to read; the toil of translators and of printers, the courage of all those who labored to give the Bible to the nation. In that book was the story of Jesus. What would the story do to the Philippines?

VII

YOUNG FILIPINOS



A young Filipino school teacher leaped up the steps and burst into the house.

"Look, *dado!*" he cried. "The Protestant Bible in Ilocano—the one Isabelo de los Reyes translated in prison in Spain! This new missionary, Widdoes, just gave it to me. Where's the old Spanish-Latin Catholic Bible? Let's read them together."

"And see what changes the devil made," laughed his father.

Juan Abellera—for that was the teacher's name—took the two Bibles and gazed at them meditatively. "Father," he asked, "where did you get this old Spanish-Latin Bible?"

"Years ago Padre Felipe was priest of our church. One day he sent word that he wanted to see me quickly. I hurried to his *convento* and found him in bed, with a high fever and breathing heavily. 'I have been wicked,' he said in gasps. 'I ought to have suffered with my dear friend,

Padre Lallave, and with my Lord. But I was a coward. Take this book, young man, and may it speak to you and to your children long after I am gone.' I kissed his hand. It was the last time I saw him alive."

The young teacher's face was very sober. " 'No hell so scorching as the remorse of a coward.' I wonder if we would have been more heroic than the priest in those dreadful days?"

"Son," said old Señor Abellera, "the days for heroism are not over, and never will be. Every youth walks toward a cross. Most men run away when they see their cross, but some walk straight on to Calvary, saving others and forgetting themselves."

"That is too deep for me, *dado,*" said Juan. "But let us begin our reading. You take the Ilocano, mother. Father will read the Latin, and I the Spanish."

They found it fascinating. Night after night they read, until the Testament was finished, and then they began again. But they discovered no differences in the two books. They went to Howard Widdoes' church, and soon Juan Abellera was teaching a Sunday school class. It was a big success, for a large crowd of students from the high school came to hear their teacher explain the book which for centuries had been shrouded in mystery.

But one day a letter came from the superintendent of schools: "Objection has been raised to your teaching religion, and we are obliged to request you to desist." Juan Abellera went pale,

and stared at the shadow on the floor. It was shaped like a cross.

That night was the most terrible of his life. The next day he sent in his resignation to the Bureau of Education. The superintendent hurried over to plead with him to reconsider. "Young man," he said, "have you lost your mind? You are receiving the highest salary paid to any Filipino teacher in the Islands. No man has brighter prospects. Next year your promotion is certain. Don't you see how much it is to your interest to stay?"

"Perhaps it is to my interest—but how about the interest of my people? You can find plenty of teachers eager to take my place. But I am the only teacher in this province ready to teach these students about Christ. I am going into the ministry. My selfish ambitions—yes, they are shattered. But any man who considers himself above his country is a coward."

That night Juan said softly, "Father, now I understand what you meant—'Every youth walks toward a cross.' It hurt, father, but I did not run." And in that young face there shone a light that was never there before.

Juan gave up his teaching and a salary of one hundred pesos a month to preach for thirty pesos. Over the Ilocos country he passed a thousand times, capturing hearts with his message of love, until at last all the province of La Union was dotted with young churches. He went to the heart of the great student colony in Manila and founded

the first united church in the Islands. Then his health broke and the doctor sent him to the mountains to save his life. That seemed a harder cross than any he had found.

One day as he lay in bed he received a letter from his eighteen-year-old daughter, Esperanza:

DEAR PAPANG:

I write this to make you happy. You have prayed that one of your children might follow you into the ministry; if none of us did, I know how disappointed you would be. I had a long struggle between my way and God's, and God won.

I do not know his plan for me yet, but I will prepare myself educationally as well as I can, and leave the rest to him.

So, *Papang,* if you fear you may not take up your work again, remember there is somebody to push it on and to realize the ideals for which you gave your life. And that somebody is

Your affectionate daughter,

ESPERANZA

Meanwhile other young men, five hundred of them, were arousing the people in every province of the Philippines. Forth from dormitories and churches eager youth poured every Sunday, gathering young and old under cocoanut trees or by the seaside, and telling them of Christ as his picture stands forth on every page of the Gospels. Girls, too, overcame their timidity and dared to speak boldly by the roadsides. Feliza de Vera was one of these courageous girls, standing on a street corner for the first time in her life, teaching a mob

of children the Christmas story. Read a paragraph from her brave letter: "Several young men ridiculed us and tried to stop us. But my spirit burned within me, and I said, 'Lord, thou hast promised to be with thy servants, so help me now.' Immediately to me came these words: 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me in this sinful generation, of him shall I be ashamed before my Father.' Then I was afraid of nothing. After the service we went home full of strength and with joy in our hearts, thanking God that he had given me courage."

Seventy thousand of these young people from every corner of the Islands have banded themselves into a wonderful army called the Protestant Youth Movement. Did you ever hear more glorious audacity than the Decalogue which they adopted in 1927? Here are a few sentences from it:

"We hold that God has called the Filipino people to a high mission of service to humanity. . . . We therefore consecrate all our powers to this mission . . . to carry the spirit of Jesus to every portion of the Orient where he is unknown." Seventy thousand Filipino youth setting forth to Christianize Asia! To the mountain tops of Baguio or Lanao or Sibul Springs they trek for vacation conferences, like those which American students hold at Northfield, Lake Geneva, and Asilomar. Listen to their fervent speeches:

"We will make of our Philippines not a mere imitation of America or any other country, but better. Our emerald islands with their twelve millions of people can be lifted higher than Greece

in all her glory, or Rome, or Spain, or even America. Not in military power. The world is about to repudiate war. Henceforth nations will excel in the virtues of peace. In this new golden age we will combine education with the spirit of Jesus, and raise our land aloft as a torchlight for the world in character, culture, education, and religion." That is what you hear. "But first of all," they cry, "we must go down off this mountain top and make the millions of other Filipino students see this vision too."

An American visitor, after hearing one of these impassioned orations in Baguio, exclaimed, "Did you ever hear anything like it in all your life?" And the missionary with him answered, "Don't they remind you of the Pilgrims, and Roger Williams, and William Penn, and Patrick Henry, and George Washington, and Abraham Lincoln—of the days when our country was young?"

These conferences make the hills ring with their favorite song:

The men of our dear Philippines have often bled and died,
That they might free their fatherland from tyranny's cruel pride.
And now the cry is sounding forth from sea to sounding sea:
The manhood of the Philippines for the Man of Galilee.

CHORUS

He died to make us free, then let our watchword be:
The manhood of the Philippines for the Man of Galilee.

Now these ardent youth have set out to "restore the ancient honesty of the Filipino people." Their Decalogue declares: "We believe the honor system among students to be a preparation for the enthronement of righteousness in the Islands." They have begun in the high schools by establishing the honor system in examinations. Many people scoffed at the idea. "Every student cheats and always will," they said.

The Jaro Mission School in Iloilo organized a junior republic, with a president, senate, supreme court, and police, all composed of high school students. The republic overcame dishonesty so effectively that the students of the Union School at Manila, the school maintained jointly by the missions of all the Protestant churches, said, "What Jaro can do we can do." In 1924 Union High School's students launched their crusade for honesty, and "fought the battle through fire and blood," as one of them said. An honor court is chosen from the senior class. At a cheating trial no teacher is allowed to be present. If the student suspected of cheating pleads innocent, the president of the court says, "You may go now, and we will investigate the case further."

And they do investigate! They employ all the arts of detective stories. Many a student issues from his trial with downcast eyes and quivering lips. If the student is convicted, he must go before his class and apologize. One lad stood before his schoolmates and said with fervor, "If I ever cheat again I shall resign from Union Schools at

once. I will not disgrace her by my presence." Another little fellow who broke the rules by telling the answer before his turn, explained, "You see I don't know much, and when I do know the answer, I just *have* to let it out."

Marie Rae, who has an American father and a Filipino mother, said, "Before I came to this school I cheated every time I had a chance. I used to tear leaves out of my books and hide them inside my writing pads. I was the champion cheater of the seventh grade. But when I came to Union School my conscience bothered me so much that I decided to stop. And I did stop, though I fell a few times." In her senior year Marie was president of the honor court.

One day another girl reciting in class hesitated a moment, and the boy beside her whispered to her what she should say. After the class was over the girl confessed that she had cheated. The student court brought the boy to trial. Here was a moral battle. It wasn't cheating, he thought, to tell a girl the answer, it was gallantry—especially *that* girl. He would not confess that he was wrong. So Marie Rae said to him, "You believe in the honor system, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, we must either punish the girl or you must confess. Do you think she ought to be punished?"

"No," he said like a flash, "she couldn't help my whispering."

"Will you tell the class that?"

"Yes, if that will save her from punishment, I will."

So he stood before his class and said, "It would be wrong to punish Marguerita, for she did not ask me to help her. If anybody is to be punished, I'm the one."

It was a tense moment. Marie Rae said with trembling voice, "Every girl here feels as I do, that Alfonte has shown himself a hero as well as a gallant gentleman in offering himself to be punished."

The eyes of the students were shining and Alfonte looked radiant.

A fine example of an educated conscience was that of a boy who, in a written test, had looked into his notebook for the answer, but could not find it there. Had he cheated?—that was his question. The teacher had gone out of the room. Slowly the boy walked to the front, trying to decide what to do. When he reached the teacher's desk he held his examination paper up, tore it in two, and muttered so loudly that everybody heard him, "I won't give it, for I looked!" All over the room the students said in a chorus, "That's fine!"

Marie Rae, who developed into a wonderful young woman of ideals and power, said that "at the end of a year the new movement had entirely changed the characters of the young men and women in the junior class."

Now the seventy thousand members of the Protestant Youth Movement have entered the battle for honesty. They invade first one high school

and then another, desperately determined to win. "You know cheating is in your school," they say. "The Monroe Commission said it was one of the worst foes of the Filipino people. Yet once we were famous for our honesty. We must bring our country back to her ancient glory. The honor system is the way to do it. You can make it work; Union School has made it work. And you will be better students for it. You will be able to look your teachers straight in the eye with a clear conscience. Some of you think you may fail. Then fail. Failure is no crime, but cheating is. Rizal paid more than that for the good of his country. If we hope to make our Islands a model for Asia we must be willing to sacrifice ourselves for honor." And thus against the forces of four hundred years of entrenched evil this young army flings itself with magnificent abandon.

What puts fire into the blood of these young people is the price they have to pay for their religion. In America it is so easy to belong to a Protestant church that we cannot easily understand the suffering and sacrifice it costs the Filipinos.

In Chapter VI we spoke of Dr. Eric Lund, friend of young Castells and of Father Lallave in Spain. Dr. Lund himself came to the Philippines from Spain in 1900 and settled in Iloilo. He received a petition signed by thirteen thousand people who desired to join his church. These were farmers who lived on land which the friars had taken from them, and for which such high rentals

were charged that the people could hardly make a living. The friars heard of this petition and took speedy revenge. Men on horseback rode from house to house shouting, "Get off this land before tomorrow or we will throw you into prison,"—just as they had chased Rizal's father from his home, and just as they turned others out of their homes in every province.

So the people gathered their children and their few household belongings and started to the mountains to find land which nobody yet owned. They cut the bamboo and behooka which kind nature provided in wild profusion, and built new homes in the hills. Every evening they read the little paper-backed gospel of Matthew which had just been printed, until the page was black with thumb-marks where it said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

The leader of these refugees was a figure such as you seldom see outside of fiction. Pedro Pimentil had been almost hanged, had twice been fired at at close range, and once clubbed into insensibility, his skull fractured, his cheekbones and forehead broken. He alone secured eight thousand of the signatures to the petition, and went ahead like Moses as the people crept toward the mountains. When in their church services he would rise to speak, his eyes would fill with tears, but not for sorrow. In a voice trembling with emotion he would say, "The presence of the Lord overawes me. He is wonderful beyond all words." And before he had spoken a minute half the people

would be weeping with joy. It is one of the strange paradoxes of life which I have often seen, that they who suffer most for Christ are happiest.

One of these thirteen thousand people was Juan Mataa. Each day he came down from the hills to help Eric Lund finish translating the New Testament. Juan Mataa received mysterious notes which said, "If you do not stop translating that devil's book, something will happen to you." Eric Lund begged him not to travel the lonely road to his home without protection, but he answered, "When God wishes me to die, I am ready." One morning as he was coming to Iloilo accompanied by a little boy, four men with bolos leaped from the bushes and hacked him to pieces. The little boy ran home and told his mother the terrible thing he had seen. It turned out that the murderers were assassins hired to perform such deeds, just as gunmen are sometimes hired to murder people in America.

One of these assassins lived in Negros Island, just across the narrow strait from Iloilo. He was paid from ten to a hundred dollars for a murder and had killed about a hundred men. But when he saw the courage and love of the persecuted people his heart was touched, and he went to Pastor Enrique Malahay of Guihulngan, confessed his crimes, and asked, "Is it possible for a man as wicked as I have been ever to be forgiven by God?"

"Indeed it is," answered Enrique. "There is nobody in the world too wicked for Christ to

change into a new man. The worse they have been, the more he is anxious to save them." So this ex-murderer became a very active Sunday school worker in the Guihulngan church. He is there today. Everybody treats him with extreme courtesy, but they can't quite vote to make him a deacon in the church.

We all know that a common form of persecution in all countries has been to accuse people on false charges and throw them into prison. In the Philippines it is not as prevalent as it was under the Spanish régime, although there has been much of it even under the new régime. No longer ago than 1905 Nicolas Zamora and three hundred of his congregation were thrown into prison and kept there for two weeks awaiting trial. During this time they sang every hymn in the hymn book and read the New Testament nearly through, to all the other prisoners. The jailor himself was baptized. When at the end of two weeks they were tried and acquitted, the leavetaking at the prison was like the end of a happy visit.

This was almost a quarter of a century ago, but it is not unlike things that happen today. Only a few years ago young Pastor José Jorda and twenty-three of his congregation, including four little babies, were thrown into prison over night. They sang and passed an inspiring night, and the next day they were released and went back to the very spot where they had been arrested. There they told the people they thanked God that they had been counted worthy to repeat the adventures

of St. Paul and the early Christians. No cause to pity people like them!

There is another type of persecution which many young Filipino men and women must face which is the hardest of all, and that is to be driven from home forever for their faith. I can never forget Miguel Martinez, a handsome boy of Spanish and Filipino parentage, who came from one of the richest families in Manila. He attended Union Schools because his parents wanted him to get over his wild habits and develop a manly character. He changed more than his parents desired, for during his senior year he decided that he would become a member of the Evangelical church. He told his father, a fanatical Spaniard, who went white with rage at the idea. He led his son into a private office, showed him the deeds to dozens of properties and insurance securities, worth a million pesos, and said, "These are all yours, for you are my oldest son. But if you become a *Protestante* I will disinherit you and disown you as a son."

"But," said Miguel, "will you not let me follow my conscience?"

"No," roared the angry father. "Out to the garage with you until you come to your senses!"

Miguel ate and slept in the garage for a week. Then his father called him to the house and said, "Now I guess you have got over this crazy idea. Have you—what?"

"Father," answered Miguel, "I must follow Christ at all cost. And this is what Jesus says,"

pulling a little Testament from his pocket: " 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.' "

The father pointed toward the door. Miguel gave one imploring look, but saw that it was hopeless. As he walked out into the rain, he felt that the cross was more than he could bear. Disinherited—disowned—where should he go? He went to the Ellinwood dormitory and asked for a job. The son of a millionaire began washing dishes, sweeping floors, and cutting grass for a living. But do not pity him. His handsome face was alight with happiness. You would think he owned the world. If you should take his New Testament in your hand it would fall open of itself at the page where this verse is marked: "Everyone that hath left houses . . . or father . . . or lands for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold in this life."

Every week a thousand boys and girls in all parts of Asia and Africa are being driven from their parents, friends, wealth, and ambitions because they choose to follow Christ. But you would not suspect it if you saw them, for their faces are radiant.

VIII

A GIRL IN BATTLE

In deadly earnest the Decalogue of the Protestant Youth Movement declares war—war against every evil thing. It declares:

"We will enter into an aggressive struggle against all vice, ignorance and social wrong, including political corruption, usury, the exploitation of the poor, intolerance, superstition, cock-fighting, gambling, cabarets, the social evil, the double standard of morality, and the use of intoxicating beverages.

"We will not support any man who directly or indirectly countenances these sins.

"We will not rest until these evils are banished forever from our Islands."

This defiant challenge is backed by valiant deeds of young men and women alike; indeed, girls have often taken the lead. Many young heroines have been making history, but the most dramatic tale of all is that of Josefa Abiertas.

Her mother died when Josefa was but eight years of age, leaving the child to care for the house and younger brother. In poverty Josefa learned to toil for those she loved even when she was weary, and to forget her fatigue in song. She forged a motto out of her life struggle: "Trust God, work hard, and keep sweet when things go wrong."

She became an intimate friend of missionaries in Iloilo, who were waging desperate war on evil. There was something in the nature of this girl which loved battle; the audacious red scarf which she flung about her neck and her flashing eyes revealed it.

When she was twelve years old her whole nature was captivated by the spirit of Jesus. From that moment she devoted her life to fighting battles for him. Each year her zeal grew more intense. When she entered Capiz High School she electrified the students with her enthusiasm. One of her classmates wrote, "We agreed that after our graduation we would all go to Mindanao as missionaries to teach and convert our unfortunate brethren—all of us!"

Josefa was compelled to leave school and take an office position after her third school year, but she refused to give up her education. She obtained permission to perform chemistry experiments after working hours, and to study other subjects at home in the evening. She had no money for books, so she studied with a girl neighbor. She denied herself food, that the other mem-

bers of her family might be fed. "Well do I remember," writes Miss Nicolet, the missionary nurse, "her fainting one morning in the office. She had had nothing to eat that morning, and no doubt little the day before."

Josefa graduated the next spring, valedictorian. "What next?" was her problem. Women were not entering the professions, and it was not easy to flout custom in the Philippines. But Josefa knew where her war must be waged. It would lead her into a profession never before followed by any woman of her province, or, for all she knew, of the whole country. She decided to study law. Having decided, nothing could stop her. She applied for a position in the Manila treasurer's office, and secured it. Leaving Capiz, she took her little brother and her aged grandmother with her to Manila, and set up housekeeping in two tiny upstairs rooms. Dr. Robbins, who had been Josefa's pastor in Capiz, called to see her at her work in Manila in 1918. "I did not need to inquire whether she was there," he said. "The moment I entered the treasurer's office I could feel her in the very atmosphere."

At night she studied in the Philippine Law School. Her American professor declared, "She was the brightest student in international law I have ever seen." She read rapidly, had amazing powers of concentration, forgot nothing, and stood at the head of all her classes. She was the only girl in the school. "Next year," she wrote, bubbling over with delight, "another girl will be here

—a Christian, and an advocate of women's suffrage. I hope the good Lord will help us win women representatives and senators." Here was the real secret of her study of law—girls, she felt, must prepare to save her country and the world. She delivered an oration, which won her a silver cup, on "The New Age of Women":

"Already women are marching with great bold strides into the arena of active life. Though they are nectar-sweet, tender-hearted and soft-handed, they are not meant to be parasites. They desire to share not only men's happiness but also life's bitter battles. Amid torn socks and garments, women have burned out their wonderful energies. Day and night they have struggled to rear children, only to have the objects of their love ruined and their fond dreams shattered by the vices all around them. Our mothers thought they could do nothing, so they bore their agony in silence.

"But silence is no longer Christian. A new era has dawned. No use arguing, no use denying what woman now demands. She realizes that she must not only make her children angels, but must also make the world safe for angels to live in."

"Year after year," Josefa writes to a friend, "hundreds and hundreds of young people go to perdition because of these drinking saloons, these *cantantes,* and this horrid red light district. Oh, how I wish I were the chief executive of this city! If only the municipal council were Christians! With the help of God, I am determined to launch a fight against these evils." Manila is a very dif-

ferent city today. Josefa helped change it. The rest of us helped too, but it was she who stirred us to action. One person, even a slip of a girl, can do such things—one Josefa.

There were at that time six hundred wretched girls who had been stolen from all parts of the world and were imprisoned behind iron bars, many of them half insane. If one of them tried to escape she was whipped and starved, often until she was dead. A few months of life in that inferno made the girls look like scarecrows, and in three or four years they perished. It was part of that frightful white slave traffic which the League of Nations is now fighting in every corner of the world. Josefa led in demanding a hearing of the municipal council of Manila. She told them they were inflicting a curse on the city they were elected to protect. Week by week sentiment rose against the infamous business. Josefa and her colleagues went everywhere, interviewing priests, preachers, school teachers, doctors, newspaper editors, the mayor, the governor general.

Then one night the mayor did a thing Josefa as a lawyer never would have sanctioned if she had known it, but he felt he must rid his conscience of the horrid thing, and especially of the accusing eyes of a girl law student with a flaming red scarf. He summoned the police at nine o'clock in the evening and gave them secret orders. They marched to the evil district, freed the wretched inmates from behind their grated windows, huddled them into a boat, and sent them off to Mindanao. Josefa

was horrified when she read the morning paper. It was so unfair for the outcasts, and so tragic for the land to which they were sent. But a sigh of relief went over all Manila that the city had been rid of this festering sore by so simple an operation.

Soon Josefa was at it again. Scattered through the city were public dance halls, which, as everybody knew, were meeting places for vice. "I am preaching," she wrote, "against these dance halls to anybody I meet. All the boys with whom I have spoken sympathize with my views. I have talked with Miss V. and she has promised to stop going there—in the distant future! I am determined to hammer away until she does stop. I want to form a little brigade to do this work."

Months passed. The city of Manila became excited. Hearings were demanded and granted before the municipal council. The newspapers were full of the campaign. School teachers and all the better students wanted the dancing halls abolished. Then, one solemn morning, the council of Manila voted that no public dance halls should be allowed within the city limits.

That evening Josefa's brother found her on her knees, crying as though her heart would break.

"Has something terrible happened?" he asked.

"Terribly glorious!" she exclaimed.

"That's a funny way to act, then."

"It's a way girls have when they're happy," and she laughed and cried both at once. Then she arose, opened her notebook, and stood motionless looking at her favorite motto:

Resistance will meet your endeavor
When striving to dare and to do,
But be like the meteor's onrush—
Take fire and burn your way through.

She was living in poverty. She walked for miles to save five centavos. "You know," she wrote, "how hard it is for a working girl like me to fight my way through this place, especially with prices so exorbitant. I wish I were able to earn more. My old grandmother can no longer do the housework. I blush to confess it, but I am on the verge of becoming a hungry poet and a penniless artist. However, the Lord's will be done." The girl was half starving, and so frail that her friends warned her not to venture out in the wind lest she be blown to sea.

Law school ended at last. Commencement found Josefa delivering another valedictory, entitled "A Filipino Woman's Best Gift to Her Country." Standing flushed and radiant, the only girl in the graduating class, she brought forth round after round of applause as she unfolded her idea of a noble woman, closing with this sentence: "We will live, and gladly will we die, if through our sufferings there may rise from the blue waters of the Pacific a Philippine republic, proud not only of her sons, but proud, yea, doubly proud, of her loyal daughters."

Josefa took the government examination for the bar, the only woman in a room of five hundred men, and received the best marks of them all. Her ambition to become a lawyer was realized. She

took a position with the Bureau of Commerce and Industry for work in the daytime, and taught in the Y.M.C.A. high school at night. Poor men and women who were victims of scheming land grabbers came to her for aid, for they trusted both her heart and her mind. She not only gave them all the help she could, but she also waged war against all who oppressed them. "With indignation I have heard them say, 'I don't care—let the poor go to hell.' But I do care. With all my soul I care. Shame upon men who accumulate wealth by causing suffering to underpaid and overworked employees."

Josefa became the first president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Meetings were held to which she invited senators and representatives. Standing before these great men, with flashing eyes she cried: "Distinguished visitors! The wives and daughters of the United States have waged a desperate war upon alcohol. Defying all the threats of the devil, they went everywhere, educating youth, persuading age, winning over state after state to local option. Now the news has flashed across the Pacific that American women have secured the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." Then wheeling about and pointing her finger at the senators, she asked, "Shall this year pass without our doing something for prohibition in the Philippines? The women must vote. It is sad to see a nation like ours clamoring for a high place in the society of nations, while women have as little po-

litical power as criminals and children. Votes for women, and then prohibition—for these we shall use our prayers and our indomitable wills." Then she attacked the old Spanish idea that though women must be good, men may be as bad as they please. And the officials went home saying to one another, "*Cuidao* [Watch out], or that young woman will be upsetting the whole nation."

With the same dauntless courage she attacked gambling. Standing before a great crowd which packed the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, she told this story:

"In the province of Capiz, from which I come, there occurred in 1916 an almost incredible tragedy. A woman bore all the agony of bringing a son into the world, cared for him during weary days and sleepless nights, only to see him at last carried off to Bilibid a convict. Years later he returned home. The gambling fever caught him again, and his money was soon gone. He approached his mother, now old and broken with grief, demanding that she give him money. She replied, 'Son, this little I have saved so that when I die there may be money to pay for my funeral expenses. Do not take it from me now.' In rage the son whipped out his bolo and, gone stark insane, killed his old mother. That is gambling!"

Then her indignation blazed forth against cockfighting, which is permitted by law on Sundays and holidays only. "Is that helping," she asked, "to make the Philippines worthy of the respect of other nations? Only a few profit by the cockpit,

while the masses are losers. The children of cockfighters seldom go to school. This and every other form of gambling is a chain which we must break from the feet of our country. We must and we will!" The gymnasium shook with a thunder of applause.

If Josefa was a moral crusader, it was because she loved people. Her chief joy was to talk to young men and women one by one about the Friend whom she loved most of all, and whose war she was waging. Out under the trees or behind closed doors she listened to the inmost secrets of hungry souls, and her invariable counsel was the friendship of Jesus.

She wanted to help young men, but was embarrassed by her youth. "I wish," she wrote to a friend, "I wish I were old, like you. Then I could put my arm around their shoulders. Because I am so young I find it difficult to look the love I feel, for I am misunderstood. I wish I were old."

"What is a Christian?" she asked in a Christian Endeavor meeting. "In the simplest meaning of the word, he is Christ's man. Christ sets us free from ourselves and leads us out into a glorious world of service for God and humanity."

For two years this strong soul hurled her frail body into the battle for Christ and a better world. Then suddenly a rebellious body refused to follow. One morning she could not rise. A terrified neighbor boy ran for the ambulance—"Josefa is in the hospital." Tears sprang to the eyes of hundreds, while other hundreds breathed a sigh of relief

because their formidable enemy had fallen at last. Naïvely they supposed that her spirit would die with her body.

I have had the privilege of examining the little Testament which lay on Josefa's bosom in the hospital while she took the first real rest of her life. It is much worn, and shows verses underlined by her in red ink as she lay waiting:

"I say, love your enemies, bless them that curse you . . . pray for them that despitefully use you."

"And ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved."

"Even the son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

When she was too weak to lift her hands she asked the nurse to underline these words. The red lines are unsteady:

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."

On Christmas morning in 1922 a wet-eyed little nurse, obeying a hidden impulse, underlined another verse: "It is finished."

But it is not finished. Josefa is more alive today than the day she breathed her last breath. The causes for which she strove are living on, and she lives in them. When men and women like Josefa shall dwell in every village of those fair Islands, what a light our "daughter republic" will be, for Asia and the world!

IX

AMONG THE MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

Crispina said yes, and flung her glorious glossy raven-haired head on Juan's shoulder.

This is the way stories usually end, but it is the way this story begins.

Her father beamed when Juan told him. "We will build you the prettiest house in Bauang, and we will have the most gorgeous wedding ever seen in this province."

Juan's father slapped the lad on his back so hard he nearly fell over. "Magnificent!" cried he. "Don Arellano and I are able to make your wedding the biggest occasion ever seen in this end of the Philippines; but first we must build you a house. How do you want it planned?"

So Juan Leones and Crispina Arellano had

heavenly hours together planning houses and weddings. As he looked into her black eyes he felt unworthy of her. For her sake he must be a far, far better man. He would stop gambling, he would read the best books in the town, he would pray.

As he passed a little mission he heard singing, led by an American, and walked into the place to hear more. A Filipino stood up and began to preach—it was Juan Abellera. He was telling the story of his life, how he had given up his position as teacher in the schools and taken a smaller salary in the ministry because he felt his country's need. As Juan Leones saw the light in the eyes of this great Filipino preacher he said to himself, "There is a man I want to be like."

They talked together for a few minutes at the end of the service, and Juan Leones went home carrying a booklet called "What Is True Christianity?" As the young man read it his whole soul filled with a mighty determination. "Here is the kind of man I must be for Crispina's sake! And here is the kind of man I will be." He read the booklet through from cover to cover, and then read it through again.

One day Howard Widdoes was crossing the Bauang River on a big black horse. The recent rains had swollen the river very high. After a half hour of struggle with the current he reached the shore wet to the waist. Out from the crowd that had been watching stepped a young man. It was Juan Leones. He walked over to the missionary

and said, "Pastor Widdoes, I want you to baptize me right now beside the river."

"Why, man," said the surprised missionary, "can't you wait till tomorrow? I haven't my book of forms here, and there is none of the congregation here, and . . ."

"But didn't Philip baptize the Ethiopian without any of these things? I am ready, so what more is needed?"

"Juan, you surely are ready. And you have won the argument. Come along."

As Juan Leones was baptized, something of the power of that immense rushing river passed into the intense youth, for from that hour he became a mighty force for his Master. He went home, called his brothers and his father together and said, "We are going to begin to have prayers in this house. We are going to stop this drinking and gambling and swearing, and live different lives. But first I will read to you from this Bible."

Bible? The father pricked up his ears. Although a thoroughly bad man, old Manuel Leones was bitter against heresy. "Let me see that book." And when he saw the name of it he tore it into pieces, rose to his feet in rage, pointed at Juan and shouted, "Out of my house before I kill you! You have damned your soul to the devil!"

And Juan went, followed by a volley of scorching oaths; for to protest to his father at that moment he well knew would have meant tragedy. The father promptly disinherited his son, cut off all his allowance, and warned him never to appear

in his home again. From having been the richest youth in Bauang, Juan had become the poorest.

Crispina Arellano, while her father looked on, wrote Juan this note: "Our engagement is broken. Please stay away."

Juan came to the mission that night with a tense face. "For the sake of Christ, I have lost my inheritance, my parents, and the girl I loved," he said. "Since I have paid so much for my faith, I want it to be worth all it cost. I have decided to resign from the government service and enter the ministry."

So Union Theological Seminary in Manila received a new student. At the end of a year, Juan presented himself before the church committee and said, "I have determined to do something which you have talked of for a long while but have never done. Send me back to the Igorotes in the Baguio mountains."

The committee first caught its breath, and then the room shook with applause. The news spread through the province of Union. The churches took special subscriptions, and presently the salary was raised to send the first Filipino missionary to the *paganos,* as the Spanish called them. Juan Leones and two American missonaries started up the long narrow trail which leads to the Igorot villages.

High forest-clad mountains tower from most of the large islands of the Philippines. In remote fastnesses protected by canyons and cliffs and jungles, dwell tribes, twenty-two in all, which have

never been converted by either Mohammedans or Christians. The history of the last thousand years reveals these primitive people being gradually pushed from the coast to the mountains by the more highly civilized Filipinos of the plains, just as the American Indians have been pushed since America was discovered. The census-takers of 1918 were able to find four hundred thousand of these *paganos,* and there may have been one or two hundred thousand whom they did not find. About half of them live in the mountains of northern Luzon, and nearly all the rest live in the mountains of Mindanao.

Religion for these people consists in trying to keep on friendly terms with the spirits which they suppose inhabit the trees, stones, rivers, mountains and clouds. They believe in elves and gnomes, as our own ancestors and all primitive peoples have done, although they use different names for them, such as *anito* and *aswang.* The people are especially afraid of the spirits of their dead enemies. Like the rest of us, they have been foolish enough to fight among themselves. A few of the tribes of Luzon had the custom of carrying off the heads of their dead enemies as trophies of their bravery. The men in these tribes who brought home heads had tattoos on their back as marks of distinction.

Some of the tribes are far in advance of others. The Ifugaos, for example, who include fully a third of all the *paganos,* have one distinction—they have built rice terraces which one descriptive

book calls "among the engineering wonders of the world." When we consider that the Ifugaos had neither cement nor mortar, the terraces seem incredible. Out of stones and boulders they built one above another, from four to thirty feet in height, against the steep face of the mountain. The top of each terrace is so level that the best engineer in the world could hardly have improved upon it. Channels are cut through the rock, and where it is necessary, bamboo pipes are used to bring water from mountain streams to water the rice. The total length of the terraces is about twelve thousand miles, enough to reach half way around the world.

Juan Leones and his missionary friends made their way to Sigay, an Igorot village nearest to civilization. When they arrived the houses were deserted. Everybody had fled. "Perhaps," said Juan, "if you leave and they see me here alone, they will return. I know a few words, and I will do my best to be friendly."

So after a hard handclasp the two Americans departed. Juan waited until nightfall. Three old Igorotes cautiously approached, holding their spears in readiness. Juan smiled and said in Igorot, "Friends, I like you; I love you; you look nice." That was nearly the end of his vocabulary, so he said it again.

The first Igorot said something he did not understand, so Juan repeated, "Friend, I love you; you look nice; how do you do?" They all laughed, and the rest of the tribe began to follow

in closer. They thought this man must be crazy to come among them alone.

In the days that followed, Juan absorbed new words like a sponge. He was speaking Igorot in a month. Many of the words were like the Ilocano which he already knew. He worked as hard as he could to help gather sweet potatoes and corn. He taught the children to sing, and told the village people marvelous stories. He gave sick people quinine and made them well. He improved the roads. To their amazement, he read out of books.

Two years passed. A church, the best building in the village, was built by the Igorotes under Juan's supervision, and stood on a hill in the center of the place. There were two hundred members, and the Sunday school was crowded.

Then Juan Leones went down to the lowlands to report his progress to the churches which were paying his salary. "That church is now well started," he reported. "I wish you would send somebody to take my place."

"What are you yourself going to do?"

"I want you to raise enough money to support two Filipino missionaries, and then let me go back to the Kalingas."

"The Kalingas!" everybody cried, aghast. For that tribe had the reputation of being the most bloodthirsty in all the Philippines, and nobody ever went near them but the soldiers.

"Yes, the Kalingas. Don't you expect to carry the gospel to them sometime?"

"Of course, sometime!"

"Well, I want to do it now."

So a new movement was started, with greater enthusiasm than the churches had ever known, to send heroic Juan Leones to the Kalingas.

A little deaconess in San Fernando said, "I wish I could go to the Kalingas too," and Juan Leones heard her say it. That evening he called upon her. Before he left, Lucia Estoista had said yes, and two weeks later she and Juan were married. Juan finished his seminary course, then he and Lucia started off with a company of soldiers on horseback, up mountains a mile high, along lofty cliffs, magnificent as they were perilous, down into canyons, across raging rivers, on and on for eight days to the land of the Kalingas.

As they came into the village they received nothing but hostile glares. These men did not run to the rocks. The Kalingas are often called the peacocks of the Philippines because they dress more gaudily and colorfully than any other tribe, and they look as fierce as they look picturesque. Two of the chiefs walked up to Juan and growled in Ilocano, "If we were not afraid of these soldiers, we would take your head."

"I have come to be your friend, and I have come to stay," answered Juan.

With marvelous patience and imagination the young couple worked their way into the affections of the Kalingas. Juan came to every house-building with his hammer and nails, and did more work than anybody else. Lucia went from house to house caring for the babies, and giving medicine

to sick mothers. When there was nothing more important to do, both of them taught the children. They became indispensable members of the tribe.

Ten years have passed. The two chiefs who expressed their eagerness for the heads of the young missionaries are now the chief officers of the Kalinga church. Eight hundred others have been baptized. The whole tribe has changed. Nearly all have stopped head-hunting. The young people have adopted new customs of dress. They are learning how to read and write English. Roads have been broken through so that automobiles may come to the land of the Kalingas in a day. Fine frame houses with iron roofs are taking the places of little huts.

The most astonishing change is that which has come to the inner life of Kalinga Christians, who have read with fascination the story of the life of Jesus and are trying to be like him. The government with its schools has of course helped bring this change to pass, but many Kalingas say that the finest people who ever came to their land were gentle Pastor and Pastora Leones.

Meanwhile, off in Bauang, the father of Juan nursed a bad conscience. At last he developed tuberculosis and lay on his deathbed. One day Juan received a letter saying, "Your father is dying and begs you to come home." The son hurried across the mountains, his heart full of a strange mixture of joy and sorrow. He rushed into his father's room after fifteen years of exile.

"Juan, my son, forgive me," a feeble voice was

saying. "I have been wrong. I thought you had sold your soul to the devil, and I felt like killing you. But they have told me about you. You are the only son I have who does not gamble and drink and swear and have to do with vice. I have nothing to give you, Juan—your brothers have taken it all. But, Juan, try to make your brothers more like yourself. And forgive me, my son, before I die."

"Father," said Juan, "there is nothing to forgive. What seemed such great misfortune years ago has turned out well. If you had not sent me away I would never have gone to do my work among the Kalingas."

After his father was buried, Juan went to see his brother in Manila. "Juan," said the brother, "you were *loco* to resign from the Bureau of Lands. You were my chief and getting twice my salary. Now I am in the head office in Manila with six thousand a year. And look at this home, one of the best in this part of the city. How much are you getting now?"

"Fifty pesos a month."

"Exactly one tenth of my salary! What a fool you have been."

Juan put his hand on his brother's shoulder, looked straight into his eyes and said, "I am getting a larger salary than you are, brother, for my salary is coming from God."

The next afternoon Juan came over to my office and told me his whole story. It was one of the great afternoons of my life.

Scores of other young Filipinos have gone to the mountains, impelled by "the immortal vision of a deathless Christ," and are at work today, patiently lifting the primitive people upward to education and to Christian ideals.

Americans have gone, too. The first of them was Walter Clapp. He left America in 1901 with his wife, who died on the way over and was buried in the boundless sea. The young man finished his journey alone, and pushed his way through the mighty mountains until he reached the now famous Bontoc tribe.

Children loved and followed Walter Clapp. One boy named Pit-a-pit was different from the rest, "delightful, brown-skinned, bubbling, interrogative human material. He could ask more questions than any other person I ever saw." The missionary answered every question, his admiration constantly rising at the tireless little brain which worked so logically. At last Pit-a-pit became Hilary Clapp, the adopted son of the American. He was an extremely handsome boy, and was so showered with compliments by every visitor to Bontoc that he became inordinately vain. Three experiences cured him of his conceit.

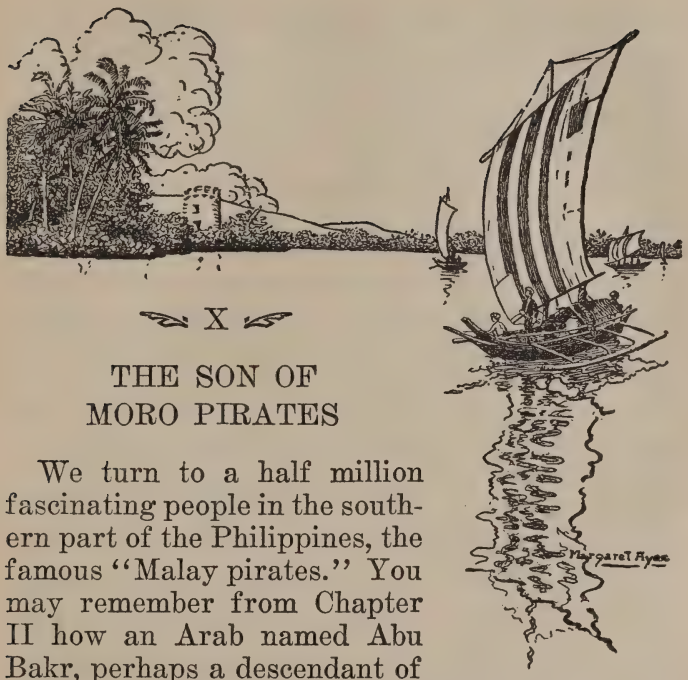
The first was the death of Walter Clapp, the man who had given him all the wonderful advantages he had over other Bontoc boys. For days Pit-a-pit gave himself up to grief. He wanted to die and go with his gentle father.

The second humiliation came upon him gradually. As he grew older his beautiful form van-

ished, for his legs remained short while his body grew long. He thought many unkind things about his ancestors, for most Igorotes have short legs and long bodies.

The third shock which cured his conceit came when he was sent to Canada to finish his education in Trinity College, Toronto. He talked about his "naked" relatives in a rather superior fashion, and the sophomores decided that a very fresh freshman needed discipline. They stripped him, tied a cravat about his waist, and marched him down the streets of Toronto. Those were the most mortifying and miserable hours of his life. He even pondered whether to go out and end it all in the lake. The next morning he arose an entirely different Hilary Clapp. Although he became a football star and won honors in Latin and Greek, he never again showed the slightest symptoms of conceit.

If you visit the mission hospital in Bontoc today, you will see Dr. Hilary Clapp, attendant physician, humblest and kindest of men, and you will have difficulty in persuading yourself that twenty-five years ago he was the little heathen whose photograph he delights in showing you, standing beside his adopted father. Those who knew Walter Clapp many years ago say that as the years go by, his sweetness of spirit and even something of his appearance have been reincarnated in the young doctor.



X

THE SON OF MORO PIRATES

We turn to a half million fascinating people in the southern part of the Philippines, the famous "Malay pirates." You may remember from Chapter II how an Arab named Abu Bakr, perhaps a descendant of Mohammed himself, came to the Philippines about 1450, won the hand of the princess, and became Sultan of Sulu. Five tribes became Mohammedan, and all the Islands would have followed if Spain had not interfered.

Poor Spain! After seven hundred years of fighting she drove the last Mohammedan Moors, or Moros, across Gibraltar into Africa in 1492, the same year Columbus discovered America. Then she sent Magellan around the world to find a path free from Mohammedans, and he ran into them in

the Philippines coming around the world the other way. So Magellan mistakenly called these Mohammedans Moros, just as Columbus had called the Americans Indians; and Moros they are called to this day.

Spain tried to Christianize the Moros, but she failed. Her method was wrong. Pagans might submit to baptism by force; Mohammedans never. A pagan chieftain of the Bagobo tribe told me once how the Spanish troops had lined his people up and pointed guns at them while the priest went down the line and baptized them all. "After the soldiers marched away we went to the river and scoured all day to get it off," added old Chief Tonkoling with a chuckle. The Mohammedan Moros would die before they would submit to being baptized like that.

Almost every year Moro pirates sailed northward in their swift *vintas,* stealing, burning, killing, and carrying off slaves. The strongest captives were sold in Java or Singapore, while the old and infirm captives were sold cheap to the savages of Borneo, to be used as human sacrifices. Two hundred and thirty years of this sorry business, and then Jesuit priests tried another method, the method of William Penn with the Indians. It resulted in one of the most amazing incidents in Moslem history.

A devout Moro sultan, Alumid Din, became very friendly with the Jesuits, and in 1750 paid a visit to Manila. He was received in the city with the greatest pomp ever accorded a visitor. Triumphal

arches were put over the streets in his honor; he was showered with presents—gold chains and gold canes, fine garments, precious stones; and the government paid the expense of keeping his wives and children and relatives. The Jesuits then pictured to him the marvelous conversion of Constantine, the emperor who made the Roman Empire Christian, and declared that another Constantine was among them. So Alumid Din was baptized, with his wives, children, and chiefs. In honor of this event there were games, theatricals, fireworks, and bull fights. The sultan gave up all his wives but one, and began to live a devout Christian life.

But the Spanish governor of Mindanao had no use for this sentimental William Penn business. His method was to kill Moros on sight. So the moment Alumid Din returned to Zamboanga, the suspicious governor threw him into prison, along with two hundred of his followers, including princes, princesses, and distinguished *datos*. The entire Moro country went mad with rage, like a hornets' nest torn open. The year 1753 has been called the bloodiest in the history of Moro piracy. Fleets of *vintas* started forth through the Islands bent upon revenge.

The reign of terror continued another hundred and fifty years. All along the coast of the Philippines even to the very northernmost islands you may still see towers where silent watchmen once kept vigil night and day, ready to ring the dread alarm that pirates were coming, so that everybody might flee to the mountains.

The watch-towers are empty now, for in 1898 the United States arrived. America tried the other way with the Moros. She sent men like Leonard Wood, John Pershing, and Tasker Bliss, who fought only when they could find no other way, and made friends of the Moros as fast as they could. The Mohammedans soon saw that America did not propose to compel them to change their religion, nor even to work without pay. When Captain (now General) Robert Bullard wanted a road built to Lake Lanao he offered the Moros money, more money than they had ever heard of. They are keen business men, and former enmities among themselves were forgotten while they worked side by side to earn high wages. The Moros were dying of cholera, so Captain Bullard called their wisest old man and showed him the American soldiers boiling all the water. "That," he said, "is why the *Americanos* here do not die."

The old Moro shook his head in approval. Then he went back to his people and said, "These Americans are better Mohammedans than we are, for they drive the devils out of the water with fire before they drink it."

Captain Bullard began to study the Mohammedan Koran. He read far into the night for several weeks, and then went to visit the Moro priest. The captain quoted so much of the Koran that the old Mohammedan was dumbfounded. He arose in the Moro assembly a few days later and gravely announced, "It is the will of Allah ta Allah that Americans should rule over us and tax us to a

fifth of all our goods." Miracle of miracles—never before had the Moros allowed anybody to tax them. What wonders friendship and appreciation can work!

Governor Frank Carpenter worked another miracle in Zamboanga. He called a landscape gardener from Washington and told him to do his best. Brush heaps began to be transformed into lovely little parks, and mudholes became canals filled with water-lilies. In a few years round-the-world steamships were calling Zamboanga "the most beautiful little city in the world." The Moros watched open-mouthed while this magician worked his wonders. Then he offered to do the same thing for their homes—free! The government distributed seeds and sent experts to demonstrate how to plant them and how to harvest the crops. It was treatment like this which caused the Moros to say, as they have so often said to me, "We don't like Christians, but we like Americans"—which any American might regard as a doubtful compliment!

And Americans who live among the Moros like them too. For however bloodthirsty they may have been, they are real men and have in them the making of a great race. In aggressiveness and intensity they are very much like Americans.

Now Moro boys are going to school, and so are some Moro girls, though not many. If asked why there are so few, the Moros tell you, "An educated woman makes a poor wife; she talks back too much, and she wants too much money." The first

Moro boy to enroll in the schools of Siasi was Matias Cuadra. A German Jesuit watched the bright boy with the eager eyes and won his friendship. One day he invited Matias to go on a boat with him, and while they were inside, the boat steamed away toward Borneo. The boy had been kidnapped. Matias was terrified at first, but he was treated so kindly by the German priest that he became reconciled. His fierce young blood beat fast as he heard tales of interesting countries and stirring adventures. By the time they reached Borneo, the Moro boy was repeating the prayers and the words of the mass, to the delight of the priest. Soon Matias became a sacristan, as an assistant in a Catholic mass is called. One day the German Jesuit vanished. He had learned of the World War, and had fled from British Borneo to Germany. His Moro friend never heard of him again.

Matias found work in a Sandakan office. The first money he earned he spent for a Bible—for a very human reason indeed, curiosity. The Jesuit had forbidden his reading the Bible, and this sharpened his desire to see what was bad in it. "I was much surprised," he says, "to find that it was all good."

He took a boat and returned to Mindanao. On the dock at Zamboanga stood David Lund, a Danish missionary with a kindly face. Observing that the Moro boy seemed lost, the missionary asked where he was going. So Matias told the story of his kidnapping, of his training for the priesthood,

and of the disappearance of the German priest. Then he proudly exhibited his Bible and said, "It is a wonderful book, and I want to study more of it."

"So you shall," cried the missionary. "Come with me and we will study it together."

The Lunds took Matias into their home as their own son. "It was they," he says, "who first aroused in me a burning desire to serve my people." Seeing the unusual ability of the boy, David Lund sent him on to the seminary in Manila. The realization that he was the first Christian Moro, and that his people needed him to lead them to Christ, gave him an intensity of purpose the effect of which was extraordinary.

Well do I remember the day he was ordained. He had prepared a written statement of his life and faith, but he could not speak. The chairman took the paper and tried to read it aloud. Every man in the circle was blowing his nose, and the chairman had to stop fifty times to get hold of himself. Then came the time for examining the candidate. But there were no questions—just a candidate with his face covered and his shoulders shaking, in the midst of a circle of silent ministers with closed eyes.

"Mr. Chairman," somebody had the wit to say, "I move we dispense with questions." And everybody shouted together, "I second the motion."

This young Moro was, so far as I know, the only candidate for the ministry who passed an ordina-

tion examination without answering a single question. He married a lovely Tagalog girl who had just graduated from the Ellinwood Girls' Bible School, and the young bride and groom soon set sail for Moroland. His fame spread over all Sulu. He knew more about the prophets and could tell it better than any of their priests. The governor called upon him as interpreter, and the senator sought him for advice. Every Moro was proud of him.

His mother, learning that this great young man was her long-lost son, came to find him. Moro women are not demonstrative. She did not kiss him, she did not weep. She took his two hands and looked deep and long into his black eyes. Then she laughed. With his mother and his wife, Matias sailed off to see his father. As their boat was threading one of the passages between the islands there suddenly shot out from the shore a dozen *vintas* full of pirates. One glance showed Matias that they were armed with guns and bolos.

"They are coming to kill us," he said. "Let us sing."

"Don't sing just before you are going to be killed!" cried his mother.

"They may think we have money in this organ," cried Matias. "Let's show them what it is."

So Maria opened the little folding organ and began to play, while Matias sang the Twenty-third Psalm, which he had translated into the Moro dialect. Maria joined in the song; their voices blended beautifully. The pirates slowed down

and then stopped. Music in their own language? What could it mean?

"Are you Moros?" called out the leader.

"We are," answered Matias.

"Where are you going?"

"To Bas Nonok."

"Whom do you know there?"

"Bapa Sahid."

"Why," exclaimed the pirate leader, "he's my uncle."

"And he's my cousin," replied Matias.

"Then we'll go with you."

So the twelve *vintas* gathered about the boat with the organ, and everybody talked and sang all the way to Bas Nonok.

The homecoming of Matias Cuadra was like the return of a conquering king. The old father gripped his son's shoulders and looked him in the eye with undisguised pride. And the son looked straight back, for it is a way those Moros have.

"Father," said Matias, "you know that I have become a Christian. I should be glad if you were to hold a feast, for today is the anniversary day of my new life. And, father, I want you to become a Christian too."

"My son," said the old man, "I am proud of you, the leader of the young Moros. No, I am too old to be a Christian; besides, what would I do with all my wives? But the feast we will have. And I want you to make Christians of all the children."

"I couldn't do that without their own consent."

"Go ahead," said the old man with an impatient gesture, "I have talked to them and they are ready."

So they had one of the greatest feasts ever seen in Siasi. Not many weeks later Matias Cuadra baptized as Christians his brothers and sisters, and some of his cousins and uncles and aunts. The old father built a Christian church on one side of his house, while the Mohammedan mosque still stood on the other.

Then something happened which, so far as I know, never happened anywhere else in the world. It was at the feast of Ramadan. Then the Moros fast all day long, and feast and worship all night. They invited Matias Cuadra to come into their mosque, and placed him in the central seat. The Moslem priests or pundits sat on either side of him, and called him affectionately their "Christian *pandita*." "Talk to us," they said. He talked to them—about Adam, Noah, Joseph, Isaiah, Jesus—for an hour; then they led him out to a waiting horse and he rode to the next mosque. There he talked for another hour, and rode on to another mosque, and to the next, and the next—all night until daybreak. He had ridden around the Island of Siasi.

When I told this story to an old missionary from Turkey, his eyes filled with tears and he exclaimed, "Why, man, that can't be true, can it? Anywhere else in all the Moslem world they would have cut his head off."

A new danger arose. Matias had become too

popular—they wanted to make him governor. When he refused the nomination, they talked of taking him by force. But he had one deathless passion, to lead his people to Christ, so he decided to go away until this political idea died out. He returned to Manila and continued his theological course. There were fifty Moros studying in the colleges of Manila. These he organized into a club called "The Strength of the South." At the 1926 student conference in Baguio their leader had the boundless joy of seeing thirty of these Moro boys stand and declare their intention of following Jesus Christ.

In 1928 Matias Cuadra came to America to study and to speak. Everywhere he gripped his hearers as he told them of his passion and his dream. He believes that in a few years many young Moros will become Christians, and that they will begin to sail down among the Malay Mohammedans to the south, fifty millions of them in Borneo, Celebes, Java, Sumatra, and the Malay Peninsula, carrying the gospel of Christ with the same irresistible fearlessness which in the lives of their fathers had expressed itself in piracy.

But they will approach Mohammedans in the new way, not with crusades or inquisitions. For now they see what a terrible mistake it has been ever to try to make Christians with swords or bayonets. Gairdner, the great missionary to the Mohammedans, reminds us that the Koran declares that Jesus is sinless, and that he is living in heaven interceding for men: "Preceding the

crusades . . . the figure of Jesus . . . was to thoughtful Muslims a vitally inspiring one." Then Christians hurled the crusades at them in an effort to capture Jerusalem, and the Mohammedans became so bitter against everything Christian that they forgot their former admiration for Jesus. To try to win the world to the love of Christ by use of the sword is as impossible as it is un-Christlike.

Nor will Matias Cuadra go among the Mohammedans as a debater or lawyer with clever arguments. Too many missionaries have compared all the good things in Christianity with all the bad things in Mohammedanism and then said, "See how much better we are than you are." That supercilious method makes Mohammedans as angry as war makes them.

The way of Matias Cuadra and of the modern missionary is the way of appreciation and of sharing. We go searching for all the good things in other religions, and find that they have something to teach us. Mohammedans perform every act of the day under the sense of the inescapable will of God. "This faith in a living God," says Gairdner, "was never more needed in the Christian West than today." They bow in prayer five times a day, and utter God's name in reverence a hundred times. Moreover, every Mohammedan is a missionary, just as Abu Bakr was in Sulu, while we Christians tend to leave missionary work to missionaries and a few preachers. How many Christians mention Jesus on week days? Then,

too, Mohammedans are so proud of their religion that they forget about distinctions of race, while Christians are often so proud of their race that they forget their religion.

"Teach us," says the modern missionary, "all the fine qualities you have. And in return we will tell you all we have discovered about the purest, loveliest person the world has seen, Jesus of Nazareth, whom your Koran calls the only sinless, spotless character in the world." The missionary says little about the many evils in the Moslem world, because as Christians we live in glass houses—our world also has many evils.

When we approach Moslems in this friendly way, they are astonished, and we are too, at the beliefs we hold in common. Mohammed revolted against the corruption and superstition of the church in the dark ages. He thought Christians had three gods, including the Virgin Mary. Mohammedans are often surprised to find we have but one God, just as they have. They have thought also that we worshiped idols, and are astonished to find our churches as bare as their mosques. They follow the ten commandments so closely that they will not have even a picture in their holy places. Most of their art consists of beautiful geometrical figures. They have a high regard for our Bible, and are so strict about keeping the Mosaic law that they will neither eat pork nor drink alcohol.

At a recent conference in which I was pointing out to Moro students these resemblances between

Islam and Christianity, one of them remarked, "After all, there is only a hair between us. Two big differences are disappearing. We may have four wives, and you have only one, but in Turkey they have abolished polygamy, and we young Moros are taking only one wife. You Christians have drunk whiskey, but the United States has gone Mohammedan on that question. If we give up three wives and you give up whiskey, there isn't so much to keep us apart, is there?"

There are big differences between Christ and Mohammed. On some vital points they are as far apart as the poles. Unfortunately, however, Christians have often been the very antithesis of Christlike. Christ pinned his faith on love and service. "Love your enemies," he said, "do good to them that hate you." Mohammed, on the other hand, advocated conquering the world by force. It is exactly this method, and not the method of Christ, that so-called Christian nations and organized business generally have too often followed from the crusades to the present day. The young Moro was nearly right, for in deeds there has often been not even a hair's difference between Christians and non-Christians.

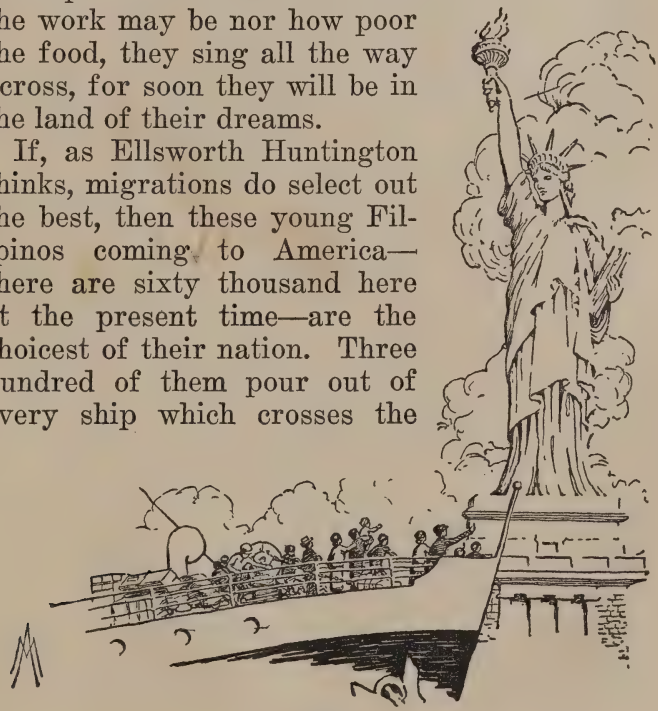
But when we look at Jesus, he stands far above us all. As we gaze toward him we are all ashamed, Christian and Moslem alike. We must join hands as brothers, forgetful of the names which have separated us from one another, join hands and walk towards Jesus together.

XI

YOUNG FILIPINOS COMING TO AMERICA

Filipino boys and girls all want to come to the United States. Some are sent as *pensionados* of the government, some are financed by their parents, and many work their way across at any job they can find—playing in orchestras, peeling potatoes, scrubbing decks, shoveling coal in the bottom of ships. No matter how hard the work may be nor how poor the food, they sing all the way across, for soon they will be in the land of their dreams.

If, as Ellsworth Huntington thinks, migrations do select out the best, then these young Filipinos coming to America—there are sixty thousand here at the present time—are the choicest of their nation. Three hundred of them pour out of every ship which crosses the



Pacific, and three hundred others, who may have been here for two or three years, take their places on the return voyage.

Among the three hundred eager youth who came down the gangplank of a ship at Seattle one morning in 1920 was Gene Avarientos. He had worked for his passage from Manila by washing dishes. Five centavos and the clothes on his back was all he possessed. (Five centavos is equivalent to two and a half cents.) He and another Filipino surveyed the new world they had come to conquer as they strode up Main Street.

Somebody shouted, "Hey, you boys! Want a job?" Two young Americans had stopped their car.

"Yes, sir!" instantly answered Gene.

"Hop in, then." And off the boys were carried, without the faintest idea where they were going. When they reached the suburbs of the city Gene's companion said, "Perhaps they're going to take us out into the country and rob us." He had fifty dollars.

"They can have mine!" said Gene with a chuckle, showing his only coin.

But soon they reached the beautiful grounds of the University of Washington, and drove up in front of a fraternity house. "We want you fellows to cook for us and take general care of our frat house," said the young Americans.

The boys began their job, but Gene soon found that he had no opportunity to attend college. A kindly professor in Tacoma College offered to

give him work and send him to school, so he left the fraternity and went to Tacoma, where he finished his college course.

Then he worked and hitch-hiked his way across the continent to New Haven, and entered Yale Divinity School. He was richer this time—he had fifty cents. He waited on tables in Yale Commons, and soon was one of the most popular among the student waiters, for he radiated friendliness.

In the summer Gene joined a delegation of Yale men who went to Detroit to study the automobile factories. He was more interested in the Ford men than in the Ford cars. One thing in particular hurt him—the white workmen and the Negroes were unfriendly. He tried to bring them together in every way he could. One day he took a Negro by the arm, walked with him up to a white worker, put their right hands together, and smiled into their faces so hard that their scowls turned into grins, and both men broke into laughter. It was so funny—two huge hands in a tight grip with two little brown hands over them, and a little brown boy, barely half their height, beaming up at them. From that day the Negroes and the whites were better friends.

Many of the friends we have met in this book have been in America and could give us fascinating accounts of their experiences here.

Our friend Teodoro Yangco, the grand old philanthropist, was here for several years, representing the Philippine government in the United

States Congress. Juan Abellera, the teacher who became a minister, was here in 1920. Before his year was over he had "set his whole denomination on fire," as one American said. And his daughter Esperanza, that somebody who promised to take her father's place when his health broke down, arrived in 1927 to finish her education. Seventy times she spoke that same summer at student conferences. Hundreds of boys and girls listened breathless to her story of her father and of her resolve to carry on his work, and to the consecration hymn which she often sang for them at the end:

> Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way;
> Thou art the potter, I am the clay.
> Mold me and make me after thy will,
> While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Thousands of people who attended the World's Sunday School Convention at Los Angeles in 1928 remember four passionately earnest Filipinos who filled the whole of one evening. Matias Cuadro, the son of Moro pirates, so captivated the crowd that he was placed on the program a second and then a third time. Speaking with him were three others, now known and loved by many American boys and girls: Avelina Lorenzana, with her flashing eyes and lovely voice; Cipriano Navarro, sweet-spirited pastor who toured America with Stanley Jones; and Donato Galia, graduate of Silliman and of Union School, sent to America with a scholarship to pursue higher studies. After

these four flaming Filipinos had told their dreams for their country, they joined President Archie Ryan of Union School in a pageant. It portrayed Rizal, the aspirations of the Filipinos, the coming of the Bible, and the Youth Movement, packing into a few tense minutes the pathetic tale of centuries. Many delegates called this pageant the climax of the convention. Those taking part were asked to repeat it in the open-air theater in Pasadena before twenty-five thousand people.

The Filipino Student Christian Movement of America has recently published an interesting volume called the *Bagumbayan.* That, you remember, was the name of the bloody field on which Zamora, Rizal, and a thousand others met a martyr's death in the dark Spanish days. *Bagumbayan* is a good name for the yearbook of Filipinos in America, for these boys are as lonesome and homesick as were their exiled grandfathers in Europe, and as full of love for their country. Many of the loftiest dreams for the future Philippines are hidden under the brown faces which you see on the streets. *Bagumbayan* is written, so its editor, Juan Rodriguez, says, "to reflect the sublime ideals of those who are struggling to equip themselves for service to their motherland and to the world."

On the first page of the book there is a picture of the Statue of Liberty, and over her head in great black letters are these words, "Welcome to Our Shores, Ambassadors of Understanding!" This is how Filipinos expect to be welcomed when

they start across the Pacific. America does welcome a few fortunate Filipinos, those who have friends or introductions or high positions. But nine out of ten come without any friends or introductions. For them there is a bitter disillusionment. If they land in New York, for example, they are stopped by bad men and women on the streets who seek to get their money, and by the proprietors of poolrooms and dance halls. That is New York City's reception committee for the dreaming youth from our "daughter republic." Nobody else seems to want them.

The Filipino boys do not expect this. The best people in America are those they come to find, not the worst. Since they have no desire to meet the worst they remain alone, seeking some way to make friendship among "good" Americans. They try attending churches, but "in most American churches," says Leopoldo Ruiz, himself an earnest Christian, "they are coolly treated." Often, too, "a Filipino student finds difficulty in getting into boarding houses, barber shops, theaters, restaurants, etc. One who fully understands Oriental sensitiveness cannot fail to realize the effect of this upon the student, especially when he is a new arrival."

So the blithe expectancy with which these boys have come fades from their faces. In their keen disappointment their love of America turns bitter, and may ultimately become distrust and hatred. Some of the most fanatical foes of America in the Philippines are young men who were once in

America and suffered here from race prejudice. Their high Christian ideals had only seemed to mock them. It was the Christians who were most un-Christian toward them, and the evildoers who were most friendly. And so, writes Dr. Ruiz, "Filipino students, Roman Catholics and Protestants, become weak in their religious faith while in the United States." Many yield to tempters and sink into vice.

Herbert Riley was in charge of a student dormitory in the province of Pampanga, but as he watched boys going to America and returning after two or three years with ideals shattered and bodies diseased and religion gone, he said, "It is madness for us to preach clean living and brotherhood in the Philippines, only to have it turned into disillusionment and vice in the United States. Somebody must do that American end." So he returned to this country, and you may see him every day standing on the pier in San Francisco, greeting the boys from the Philippines. Every large city in America needs a Herbert Riley with a warm heart to reach out the hand of friendship at the right moment.

There are hundreds of interesting tales to illustrate this, but none holding more beauty than that of Calixto Sanidad. We will hear it in his own words:

One Christmas night in the Philippines I wandered into the Methodist chapel in our town. I had come to slip a note to a pretty girl. Presently I forgot all about her. With all the intensity of my being I was leaning

forward toward the man who was speaking, now on fire, now in tears. I felt he was speaking to me. When the invitation was given, I was the first to rush forward. Upon my knees I surrendered to Christ. From that night I never missed kneeling in secret with God, especially when I was away from home.

Seven months later I was on a boat bound for America, with my Bible, a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress,* and a letter from an American teacher to his father. After forty-five days we reached the great city of New York, and I set forth for Pennsylvania. I came to a very small village, and was told to disembark. As I looked one way and another, a tall, bent, kindly-looking man came forward and asked, "Are you the Filipino my son wrote about?"

I assured him I was.

"I have come to meet you," he said; "bring your baggage to the buggy and let's go."

Children and grandchildren were waiting at the house, and seemed glad I had come. They asked many questions about the Igorotes and Moros which plainly showed that they thought most Filipinos were wild. At last the children went home, leaving the old couple and me alone.

Evening was drawing nigh and supper must be prepared. The old lady directed me to go to the barn to bring kindling for the fire. I ran down around a big pile of old shingles where I stood for some moments, looking at the hills, the fields, and the little brook rippling around the barn. There came to me a feeling of loneliness and solitude. Mingled together, they melted into tears for the feeling of home. But I had to bring in the kindling, so I stopped weeping.

From that time I felt a strange consciousness, the presence of Someone, an Unseen Companion. That was the beginning of my rosary of prayer. The whole farm

was like the Midian of Moses, for God met me there. The only time in those days when my thoughts were apart from the Almighty was when I was sound asleep. You might have seen me at the plow with my hands on the lines, my eyes on the furrow, but my thoughts were on God.

I spoke to the old people in my broken English about prayer, for I observed that they neither had devotions in their home nor attended church on Sunday. They watched me quietly as I bowed my head at the table.

One day Dr. Charles D. Frazer visited me and we had a long talk. He asked my purpose in coming to the United States. I told him it was to get an education. To my surprise he said, "You should have started as soon as you came, instead of waiting a whole year. You can work and study at the same time. I will write to the president of Coe College, and you will hear from him."

In less than two weeks came the letter. I told the old couple of my desire to leave, but they would not let me go. I had become indispensable to them—I milked the cows, did the churning, plowed and harrowed the fields, planted the turnips, dug the potatoes, gathered apples, husked the corn, and did many other things. They never gave me a cent for all those months of work; they said I had to learn. I wish, however, to acknowledge the service of the old gentleman in giving me a start.

But now that I had a good opportunity, I could not wait longer. Time after time I asked whether I might go, and they always refused. They reminded me of Pharaoh in Egypt. Dr. Frazer was my Moses. One Sunday morning after church he and I agreed that I was to escape by night.

So on the eve of July the Fourth I laid plans for my independence. I did not sleep for a second. When I

thought the couple were soundly asleep—they were snoring to beat the band, as the old man would have said—I slowly and silently lowered my bundle out of the window. Then I tiptoed down the stairs as quietly as I could. It was one o'clock when I departed. At three I knocked at the door of the minister's home. His wife opened the door, exclaiming, "My, you were brave!"

Mrs. Frazer prepared sandwiches, and Mr. Frazer and I started for the station. As we walked through fields and over hills the minister opened his heart to me, and asked me what profession I would take up. I said, "I have always planned to be a lawyer."

"Did you ever think of the ministry?"

"No, though my life has been closely linked with God, I never thought of that."

"Let God speak to you," he said, "and see where he will lead you. Of course you cannot tell yet."

He came as far as Pittsburgh with me, and gave me thirty dollars to pay my way to Iowa. All these acts of kindness increased my deep gratitude to this good man.

When I reached Coe College President Marquis gave me a room temporarily in his own house, and helped me find work in the Quaker Oats factory.

I was supremely happy, for I had all the privileges of American students. I joined the Student Volunteers, won the oratorical contest twice, and had the honor of helping organize the Cosmopolitan Club.

In my sophomore year I received a letter from the Philippines, written in Ilocano by the missionary who years before had led me to Christ. "I have been praying," he said, "that you will return and help other young Filipinos to the life of Jesus."

Then began a mighty struggle in my breast. One voice said, "Enter the ministry." Another voice said,

"Never! Go into law and politics and become a senator. The government is waiting for you."

I worried so much that I became ill and thought I might die. Rolling on a bed of fever, I said, "My Father, I am not afraid to die. But one thing pains me. This wonderful love thou hast given me, I have not yet passed on to them."

The fever died down and my struggle was over. But my covenant to God was sealed in nothing less than dripping blood. I had given up forever the expectations of my loved one, my desire for honor among my countrymen, all the cherished ambitions of a lifetime. . . .

When Calixto Sanidad started back to the Philippines, there followed him from Coe College letters which show how deep an impression his life had made. "Thank God for a life like yours." "We can scarcely bear to think of your leaving." "Your very presence was a benediction."

Calixto is in the Philippines now, spreading goodness and radiance, because, years ago, while he was in America, a minister became his Moses and helped him to keep his high ideals.

Others too have met such friends in America, and are now leaders in church and state, makers of the new nation. Jorge Bocobo was here once, found Christian friends, and has become the prophet of Filipino youth for his day and age as Rizal was for his forty years ago. Camilo Osias was here, found America's Christian people, and went back to become a powerful evangelist, a writer, president of a university, senator and resident commissioner to the United States. Luis

Perez also came into friendly contact with Christians in America, and he and his wife have taken Josefa Abiertas's place in leading the fight for moral reform. The attitude of the friends Enrique Sobrepeña made in America reinforced his faith, and he returned to become the first president of the Protestant Youth Movement. Isaac Barza, Dominador Ambrosio, and Jesus Dineros found friends in America and became great leaders of the Y.M.C.A. Governor D. J. Samonte of Ilocos Norte, Dr. Paulo Palencia, in charge of a mission hospital, Dr. Sixto Orosa and his talented wife in the Department of Health, Professors Panlasigui and Macaraig in the University, Josefa Martinez and Socorro Salamanca, leaders in public welfare—there is a list, which might be continued for many pages, of famous Filipinos who have lived among us and returned home to the Philippines to become truer Christians and more active workers in the church, because when they came to America, at the critical moment in their lives, they met somebody who understood them well enough to look under brown skins into kindly hearts, and, as Gene Avarientos puts it, to see Christ there.

XII

WHAT AMERICAN YOUTH CAN DO

How can we help Filipino youth achieve what Juan Rodriguez called their "sublime ideal"? In several ways. They wage a desperate fight against selfishness and vice in the Philippines. They need our choicest youth to reinforce them. They need ministers, teachers, doctors, nurses, journalists, bookkeepers, farm-experts, and mechanics. Some of us must get ready to go. The rest of us must stand by those whom we send, and furnish them with buildings—dormitories, schools, hospitals, and student churches. We are far behind the need —there are seven thousand public schools and only a thousand Sunday schools.

We can help them also with books. Five million boys and girls have learned to read English. Coming, usually, from homes of poverty, they have nothing to read save what they study. Many Americans who know this are sending the books

they have finished reading. The United Church at Bridgeport, Connecticut, hit upon the happy idea of a Thanksgiving Day "shower," and hundreds of volumes were piled upon the table of the Sunday school superintendent. Friendship treasure chests are being sent by children of America to children of the Philippines, each chest containing one or more volumes, along with other gifts. When these are distributed on the anniversary of José Rizal's death, imagine what a wave of appreciation and pleasure will sweep across the Islands.

Hundreds of American boys and girls are now corresponding with Filipino youth. A vast deal of inspiration and good-will floats across the Pacific in both directions with every mail. Many Americans are sending good magazines and papers to their Filipino friends, often marking articles of special interest.

We can all help the Filipinos by fighting three of their enemies here in America—ignorance, indifference, and racial prejudice.

The ignorance of some people is pathetic. A missionary lady on furlough was shopping in a Pennsylvania city. "Where is your home?" asked a sales clerk. "In Manila." "Oh, Manila? Did you drive over in your car today?" Another missionary was being introduced by a Sunday school superintendent. "Here, children, is a man from the Philippines, where Paul wrote one of his epistles."

"I see," said a large, dignified man, "that Pres-

ident Coolidge was in the Philippines." "Oh," replied the missionary, "aren't you mistaken?" "Certainly not," said the other, "I heard him speaking over the radio from Havana." "But Havana is in Cuba." "Is it? Well, he was down that way somewhere, anyhow."

Moreover, nine Americans out of ten underestimate the Filipinos, whom they suppose to be primitive if not partly savage. Often this false impression has carried over from the reading of lurid tales of South Sea cannibals. There are cannibals in New Guinea, "down that way somewhere," but there never were any, remember, in the Philippines.

The American soldiers who fought against the Filipinos in 1899-1900 also acquired a wrong impression. The Filipinos were poor, ragged, without head covering, like our boys of '76 at Valley Forge, all fighting desperately for home and children. Seventy thousand soldiers returned to America without having discovered how kindly and courteous the Filipino people really are.

Then the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 brought a village of Igorotes from the Benguet mountains, the kind of people Juan Leones went to Christianize years later. These Igorotes, with their "G strings" and spears, were no more like the civilized Filipinos, so far as their customs are concerned, than the primitive Indians of New England were like the people of Boston today. Yet a million or more World's Fair visitors went home telling of the Filipinos they had seen.

Newspapers and magazines, always eager for sensational stories and pictures, further the mischief when they give many times the space to the primitive mountain tribes that they give to the civilized Filipinos who outnumber them eleven to one. We would not want America judged by our daily papers. How can Americans, who hold the fate of the Philippines in their hands, take even the first steps to right action when they suffer from a great delusion?

"When will they be civilized?" asked an old gentleman.

"They are civilized now," replied the missionary.

"What! So soon? Only thirty years?"

"My dear man," said the missionary, "they were civilized before America was discovered."

"Now, now! What are you feedin' me?"

"The truth. For a thousand years the Filipinos have been skilled workers in silver and brass, and excellent weavers. Centuries before Spaniards arrived they had seventeen written languages, and we know of their epic poetry. They had gunpowder before it was known in Europe, and used cannon to defend Manila from the Spaniards."

"Cannon—honest?" as if he thought that were a conclusive test of civilization.

"And when the French traveler Gironière visited the Philippines a hundred and thirty years ago he wrote back, 'They seem to me no way inferior to the people of Europe.' Does that sound

civilized? And when Commodore Dewey was at Manila in 1898 he reported, 'These people are far superior in intelligence to, and are more capable of self-government than, the natives of Cuba. And I am familiar with both races.' What do you mean, civilized?"

The man's mouth was wide open with astonishment. "Well, I declare," he said, shaking his head sidewise. "Who were those fellows, then, that I saw in St. Louis?"

The second enemy we must help Filipinos to fight in America is indifference. Men often say, with a good-natured smile, "Nobody cares about the Philippines excepting the people who have business there."

If that is true, we should be reminded that we did care once. "Down with tyranny!" we cried, and swept into the Islands on a wave of idealism. Our reason for being in the Philippines is changing. Governor General Taft said in 1901, "We are here solely to help the Filipinos." But the number of Americans who went out "solely to help the Filipinos" has dwindled, while the number of those who went out to make money has multiplied. American school teachers have been replaced, quite properly, with Filipinos, so that instead of a thousand there are now only a quarter of that number. American government officials have, for the same reason, dwindled from four hundred to twenty. American business men in the meantime have increased from a hundred to five thousand. However upright these business men

may be, their primary interests are sugar, cocoanut oil, rubber, tobacco, gold, and people interest them primarily as labor, not as souls, as means, not ends. All this is perfectly natural and understandable, but it does call for new vigilance on the part of the unselfish people of this country. One American business man said with perfect candor, "I came to make money, not to make Christians." Watch out lest you criticize that man. He has as much right to make money in the Philippines as anywhere else. He is just as much interested in the welfare of the Filipinos as the average American, and far more interested than many. That is exactly the trouble—America is indifferent, fewer people wondering what we can put into the Philippines, more people wondering what we can get out of them.

Have you ever seen five chicks tugging at a worm which a mother hen has just scratched out of the earth, while the hen clucked and looked on contentedly? If America doesn't watch out she will be that old hen, and the Philippines the worm. For while we strut and cluck proudly about having pulled the Philippines out of the mud, five lusty chicks are tugging mightily for their own interests.

First, there is a group of American corporations trying to get the land laws changed so that they may secure enormous plantations of two million acres each, on which Filipinos would labor as tenants. The laws today allow only four thousand acres to one company. It was a heart-grip-

ping moment at the Jerusalem conference in 1928 when Dean Jorge Bocobo, the Christian prophet of the Filipinos, said with trembling voice, "My country has become one of the sorest spots in the world. . . . American capitalists are demanding land for the planting of rubber on a large scale. . . . Since we have been protesting against these proposals, our autonomy, granted in 1916, has been largely withdrawn. Perhaps this step was taken to intimidate us into giving up our patrimony." The Filipinos have horrid memories of the friars and Spanish landlords. Now they want to own their own land. Absentee landlordism, they say, has proved a curse in every country where it ever was tried.

Second, the American Sugar Growers Association is urging Congress to pass a high tariff to keep Philippine sugar out of America. Third, the dairymen and cotton growers are pressing Congress for a forty per cent tariff to keep Philippine cocoanut oil out of America. Fourth, the American Federation of Labor is lobbying to keep the Filipinos themselves out of America.

"If you don't want us in America," say the Filipinos, "and if you don't want our products, then set us free and allow us to run ourselves. Your Presidents McKinley, Taft, Roosevelt, and Wilson all promised us freedom. Your Congress said in the Jones Bill in 1916, 'It is and always has been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their inde-

pendence as soon as a stable government can be established.' We have an excellent government now, so keep your promises."

The fifth group answers, "Never." They are the American business interests in the Philippines. "Independence for you would not be fair to us."

"Congress," announced the United Press, "will eventually disillusion the Filipino people in their hope of receiving self-government. The one and only reason for this change of sentiment is rubber. Rubber came just in the nick of time, for quite a number of congressmen had begun to think favorably of independence."

Suppose all these five chicks got what they wanted. Suppose corporations took the Filipinos' public land, while Congress killed their trade with a high tariff, shut them out of America, and announced they never could be free. Nobody wants these things to happen, not even the worst of us, if for no other reason than that such a policy would drag America herself down. "I never heard about these influences operating in the Philippines. Why don't we stop them? Why don't we know about them?" cried an indignant American. That's just it—America does not know. That is why a spectacle so unworthy can go on. American people as a whole are generous and unselfish in their attitude toward other peoples. The trouble comes when they become so absorbed in themselves and in their own affairs that they forget the rights and interests of other

peoples. But the Filipinos remember their own rights, and feel themselves almost on the verge of desperation as they come up against one invasion of these rights after another.

Many of the Filipino youth are conquering their bitterness with the spirit of prayer. Every Washington's Birthday, Filipinos all over the world gather together and repeat the beautiful prayer written by their great Christian leader, Dean Jorge Bocobo:

Almighty God, Father of all nations, fountain of all strength and mercy, we thy people come unto thee in this hour of danger and distress. Do thou pour out thy holy comfort upon our afflicted souls. We are a weak people, but thou art our refuge and our deliverer. Of thy loving kindness there is no end. We entreat thee, O most gracious Father, stay thou the hand that would smite our liberties. Send forth thy spirit unto our rulers across the sea, and so touch their hearts and quicken their sense of justice that they may in honor keep their plighted word to us. Let not the covetous designs of a few interests prevail in the councils of the sovereign nation nor sway its noble purposes toward our country.

We pray thee, O Lord, grant us grace to forgive those who seek to destroy our freedom.

We thank thee, O Heavenly Father, that we can thus pray to thee. We thank thee that thou hast inspired us with a renewed spirit of national unity. Do thou bless and sanctify our aspirations as a people. Guide us in our endeavors for our emancipation, to the end that our every thought and deed may be acceptable in thy sight. And to thee be all honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

"But," ask many Americans, "why do the Philippines want to be independent? Surely it must be to their advantage to remain with America." Sentiment, for one thing, the same sentiment that made us want to be free in 1776; and we have taught them American history. As for Christian Filipinos, one reason why ninety-nine per cent of them wish to be free is racial prejudice. If Americans could forget their superiority complex and receive them into their social life exactly like brothers, these Filipinos might even wish their country to become a state of the United States.

Racial prejudice is the third foe of the Filipinos which American youth must destroy. It crops out in a thousand ways. When Esperanza Abellera came with a letter of introduction to a large religious home for girls in Chicago, she was told that they could not receive her.

"What shall I do?" she asked in distress. "None of the hotels will have me, and I know nobody in Chicago but you."

"Since it is night, we will keep you until tomorrow if you promise to go then." She promised.

When Matias Cuadra started for America, a Filipino who had just returned from this country said to him, "Do not go into the Protestant churches. I tried it and they froze me cold. They don't want Filipinos."

A missionary was pleading with a committee of women in Brooklyn to invite the Filipinos to their

church. "But," objected one of the ladies, "some of them are very dark, aren't they?"

That settled it, and the disappointed missionary went away thinking of those words of Dr. Zwemer, "The strength of Islam is a religious pride that transcends all race, and the weakness of Christianity is a racial pride that breaks up religion." No, racial pride is not consistent with Christianity, it is the quintessence of paganism. "This falseness," said an indignant returned missionary, "has gnawed like a canker into the church. We should either stop advocating racial equality or begin practising it."

This is a strategic time for the youth of America to attack racial prejudice, for the consciences of millions of Christians are hurting them, and they are willing to follow courageous leadership. A Pacific Congress of Churches in 1928 adopted the following resolution: "We propose abandoning the sin of racial prejudice in all its forms. . . . We urge our people to . . . open the doors of our churches and homes without any racial distinctions."

There are many ways in which we may fight prejudice. We may arrange for lectures, especially by able Filipinos like Matias Cuadra, Esperanza Abellera, and that polished young lecturer from Oxford, Pedro Blanco. We can know and popularize the books written about Filipinos. We can help educate our communities by keeping abreast of the facts and making them known—perhaps by the writing of articles, perhaps by ar-

ranging for debates, perhaps by starting conversation among our friends. But the best way is to devise opportunities for social contacts between the races.

A group of seventy Americans visited Filipinos in Brooklyn. They were thrilled by the playing of Ernesto Vallejo, seventeen years old, a genius whom the great violinist Mischa Elman found in Manila and brought to America. They saw the beautiful paintings and etchings of Manuel Isip, artist for the New York *World*. They met a hundred Filipino ladies and gentlemen, well-bred, with quiet voices, ready wit, and an informed interest in world affairs.

"Why," said one lady as they were leaving, "we can't hold a candle to these people, can we?"

As a rule Filipinos are more careful about observing the usages of polite society than is the average American. This is why they are much in demand as servants in the best homes on the Pacific coast, and as clerks in stores. When they are invited as guests to American homes they are so gracious and accomplished that their hosts are delighted. The mayor of one town invited three young men to spend a night at his home. As they were leaving, one of them was overheard to exclaim, "I can hardly wait to get back to the Philippines to tell about it."

Twenty others were invited to American homes for Thanksgiving dinners. "We all came back," one of them wrote, "overflooded with joy."

An American spoke to a Filipino in a New York

street. The young man's face lighted with pleasure as he said, "I think you must be a minister."

"Why do you think that?"

"Nobody like you speaks to us here, except ministers and missionaries."

In the Philippines everybody introduces himself and talks to everybody else as though they had always been friends. Many Americans have resolved that as a matter of courtesy they will adopt this custom whenever they meet Oriental people, and will introduce themselves.

What every Filipino boy longs for is a place he can call home, and some older person whom he can call friend. We can make Filipinos who are near us so welcome that they will call upon us frequently, just for a friendly smile. The happiest boy in Beloit, Wisconsin, was a young college student, the only Filipino in the town. He had a score of these volunteer homes and friends. And they were proud to have him, for he was varsity debater, tenor in the glee club, member of the tennis team, winner of the Wisconsin oratorical contest, and soloist in the church choir.

It would help in many communities to call a conference of young Americans and Filipinos to consider what helpful things others have done and what might be undertaken by themselves. All over America experiments are being made with interracial athletic events, with banquets, with international choirs, with international Christian Endeavor societies and Epworth Leagues and churches and clubs.

We shall soon discover that this is one of the most fascinating adventures in the world, and as important as it is fascinating. Within a few years television will probably enable us to see as well as hear Asiatic people in our parlors, and they will see us. They hear us now. Every new invention of this kind is reaching out and pulling Asia and America closer together—mightier locomotives, swifter greyhounds of the ocean, zeppelins, super-airplanes, radio. The world is shrinking fast; today we hear and tomorrow we shall see around it. Asia is coming into our back yard. Is she going to be safe there?

Asia has a thousand million people, far more people than there are in the rest of the world put together. For ages she has been stagnant, imitating her ancestors. Now she has broken the chains of the past and has started off at ever increasing speed. Will she become Christian? Will she adopt the way of love or the way of hatred? Will she depend upon good-will, or arm herself like those ancient dinosaurs that once roamed through her interior? Will she be the world's great blessing or the world's great curse?

It is we who will help decide those questions, because Asia will do unto us in the future what we are doing unto her now. Our youth can help mould her destiny. A few years hence the currents will be so mighty that no man will be able to stem them. That is why Stanley Jones has said, "The destiny of a large part of the human race will be decided by what Christian churches and Christian

nations do in the next ten or twenty years." It is a thrilling and a terrible time to be alive.

Nestling up under the great breast of Asia are the Philippines. They have a vital part to play in moulding the spirit of Asia. If we do not spoil what we have so well begun, if we help Filipino youth to fulfill their "sublime ideal," they will reach out one hand toward the Orient and the other toward the West, and in the manner of Gene Avarientos in the Detroit factory, they will pull our hands together.

And so while Americans, too many Americans, are saying to Filipino youth, "Come down out of the clouds and stop trying the impossible," the Christian youth of America need to say to them instead, "Don't you do it! Hang on to your dream."

Abellera .....ä-bell-yâr'ă
  Esperanza .....es-per-an'ză
  Juan .....hwän
Abiertas, Josefa .....ä-bee-âr'täs, hō-say'fä
Aglipay (Father) .....ä-glee'pie
Aguinaldo, Emilio .....ä-gee-näl'dō
Alfonte .....äl-fōn'tāy
Alumid Din .....äl'oo-mid din'
Ambrosio, Dominador .....äm-brō'zyō, dō-mĭn'ä-dōr'
anito .....ä-nee'tō
Aparri .....ä-pär'ree
Arellano, Crispina .....är-ell-yän'ō, krĭs-pee'nä
aswang .....äs'wäng
Ateneo .....ä-ten-nāy'ō
Avarientos, Gene .....ä-vär'ee-en'tōs, jeen

Bagobo .....bä-gō'bō
Baguio .....bäg-yō
baguios .....bäg-yōs
Bagumbayan .....bäg'um-bye'yän
Bapa Sahid .....bä'pa sä'hid
Barza, Isaac .....bär'sa, eez'ä-äk
Bas Nonok .....bäs nō'nōk
Bilibid .....bill'ä-bid
baliti .....bä-lee'tee
Bauang .....bäoo'äng
behooka .....bee-hoo'ka
Benguet .....ben-get'
beriberi .....bear'ee-bear'ee
Bicols .....bee'coals
Blanco, Pedro .....blän'kō, pay'drō
Bocobo, Jorge .....bō-cō'bō, hōr'hāy
bolo .....bō'lō
Bontoc .....bŏn'tŏc
Buencamino .....bwān-cä-meen'ō
Bulacan .....boo-lä-kän'

caballeros .....cä-bäll-yār'ōs
Calamba .....cä-läm'bä
cantantes .....cän-tän'tāz
Capiz .....cä'pees
carabao .....cä'rä-bäō
Castells, Felipe .....cäs-tells', fāy-lee'pāy
Cebu .....sāy-boo'
centavos .....sen-tä'vōs
Chefarinas .....shef-ä-reen'äs
cigarrillos .....see'ga-reel'yōs
cogon .....cō'gōn
convento .....cōn-vent'ō
Cortes .....cōr-tĕz'
Cuadra, Matias .....kwäd'rä, mä-tee'äs
cuidao .....kwee-da'oo

dado .....dä'dō
Dagupan .....dä-goo'pän
Dapitan .....dä-pee'tän
datos .....dä'tōz
Davao .....dä'vow
Don .....dōn
Dineros, Jesus .....din-air'ōs, hāy-soos'

El Filibusterismo .....ĕl fĭll-ĭ-bŭs'tĕr-ĭz'mō
Estoista, Lucia .....ĕss-tō-ĭss'ta, loo-see'a

Felipe, Padre .....fāy-lee'pāy, pä'drāy

Galia, Donato .....gä-lee'ä, dōn-ä'tō
garrote .....gär-rōt'
Gironière .....jee-rō'nēayr
Guijulngan .....gee-hool'ngän

Ibarra .....ee-bärr'rä
Ifugaos .....ĭf-you-gäoos'
Igorotes (Igorot) .....ee'gō-rōt'eez
Ilocanos .....ĭll-ō-kän'ōz
Ilocos Norte .....ĭll-ō'kōs nōr'tāy

Iloilo .....eel'ō-eel'ō
Isip, Manuel .....ees'eep, män-wāl'

Jaro .....här'ō
Jorda, José .....hōr'dä, hō-sāy'

Kalingas .....kä-lĭng'gäs

Lallave, Alonzo Manrique...läl-yä'vā, äl-ōn-sō män-reekāy
Lanao .....län-a'oo
lansones .....län-sōn'āz
Las Casas .....läs-käs'äs
La Union .....lä-oon-yōn'
Leones .....lāy-on'ās
  Juan .....hwän
  Manuel .....män-wāl'
Libog .....lee'bōg
loco .....lō'cō
Lorenzana .....lōr-ĕn-sä'nä
Lukban, Cayatano .....look'bän, kī-ä-tän'ō
Luneta .....loo-nĕt'ä
Luzon .....loo-zōn'

Macaraig (Professor) .....mä-cär-ä'ig
Mactan .....mäk-tän'
Malahay .....mä'lä-hī
  Enrique .....ĕn-ree'kāy
  Feliza .....fāy-lee'sä
malave .....mä-lä'vē
Manawag .....män-ä'wäg
mangos .....män'gōz
Manikan (B) .....män-ee-kän
Martinez .....mär-teen-āz
  Josefa .....hō-sāy-fä
  Miguel .....mē-gill'
Mataa, Juan .....mä-tä'ä
Mayon (Mt.) .....my-yōn'
mestizo .....mĕs-tee'sō
Mindanao .....mĭn-dän-ä'ō

Mindoro .....mĭn-dō′rō
Moros .....mō′rōz
muchas gracias .....moo-chäs grä′syäs

Navarro, Cipriano .....nä-värr′rō, sĭp-rē-än′ō
Nebreda, Jacinto .....nāy-brāy′dä, hä-sĭn′tō
Negros (Island) .....nāy′gros
nipa .....nee′pä
nonos .....nō′nōs

Obispo Maximo .....ō-bēs′pō mäx′ē-mō
Orosa, Sixto .....ō-rō′sä, sĭx′tō
Osias, Camilo .....ō-see′äs, cä-mee-lō

Paciano .....pä-see-än′ō
paganos .....pä-gä′nōs
Palencia, Paulo .....pä-lĕn′seeä, pä′oo-lo
Pampanga .....päm-päng′gä
Pangasinan .....päng-gä′sĭn-nän′
Panlasigui (Professor) .....pän-lä-see′gee
papang .....pä′päng
papayas .....pä-pīe′yäs
Pasig .....pä′sēg
pensionados .....pĕn′seeōn-ä′dōs
Perez, Luis .....pāy′rāyz, loo-ees′
pesos .....pāy′sōz
Pimentil, Pedro .....pee-mĕn′tĭl, pāy′drō
Poblete, Pascual .....pō-blāy′tāy, päs-kwäl′
Protestante .....prō-tĕs-tän-tāy
pandita .....pän-dee′tä

Ramadan .....rä-mä-dän′
Realondo (Mrs.) .....rāy-äl-ōn′dō
Reyes, Isabelo de los.....rāy′yās, ĭs-ä-bĕll′ō dā lōs
Rodriguez, Juan .....rō-dree′gāz, hwän
Rizal, José .....rē-zäl′, hō′sāy
Ruiz, Leopoldo .....roo-ees′, lāy-ō-pōl′dō

sala .....sä′lä
Salamanca (S.) .....sä′lä-män′cä

Samonte (Gov. D. T.) .....sä-mōn'tāy
Sandakan .....sän-dä'kän
Sanidad (C.) .....sän-ē-däd'
Santiago .....sän-tē-ä'gō
Santo Tomas .....sän'tō tō-mäs'
Señor .....sān-yōr'
Señora .....sān-yōr'ä
Siasi .....see-äs'ee
Sibul (Springs) .....see'bool
Sigay .....see'gye
si .....see
Sobrepena, Enrique .....sō'brā-pān'yä, ĕn-ree'kāy
sombreros .....sōm-brāy'rōs
Sulu .....soo'loo
Surigao .....soor-ee-gaw'

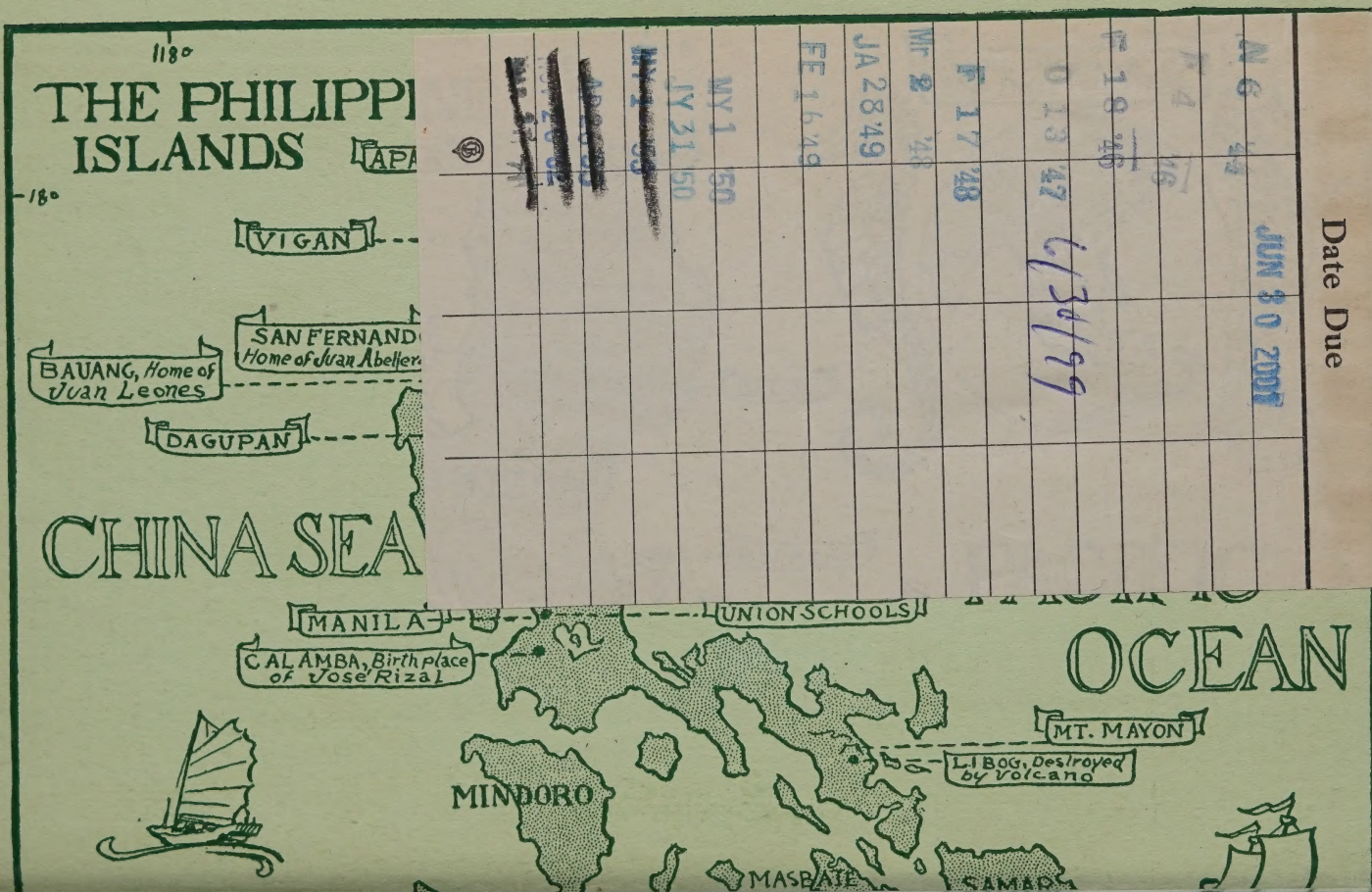
Tagalog .....tä-gä'lōg
Tondo .....tōn'dō
Tonkoling (Chief) .....tŏn-kō'lĭng

Vallejo, Ernesto .....väl-yā'hō, ār-nĕst'ō
Vera, Feliza de .....vāy-rä, fāy-lee-sä dā
Vigan .....vee'gän
vintas .....vin'täs
Visayans .....vĭs-eye'ănz

Weyler, General .....why'ler

Yangco .....yäng'kō
  Don Luis .....dōn-loo-ees'
  Teodoro .....tāy-ō-dō'rō

Zamboanga .....zäm-bō-än'gä
Zamora .....zä-mō'rä
  Jacinto .....hä-sin'tō
  Nicholas .....nick'ō-läs
  Paulino .....pä-oo-lee'nō



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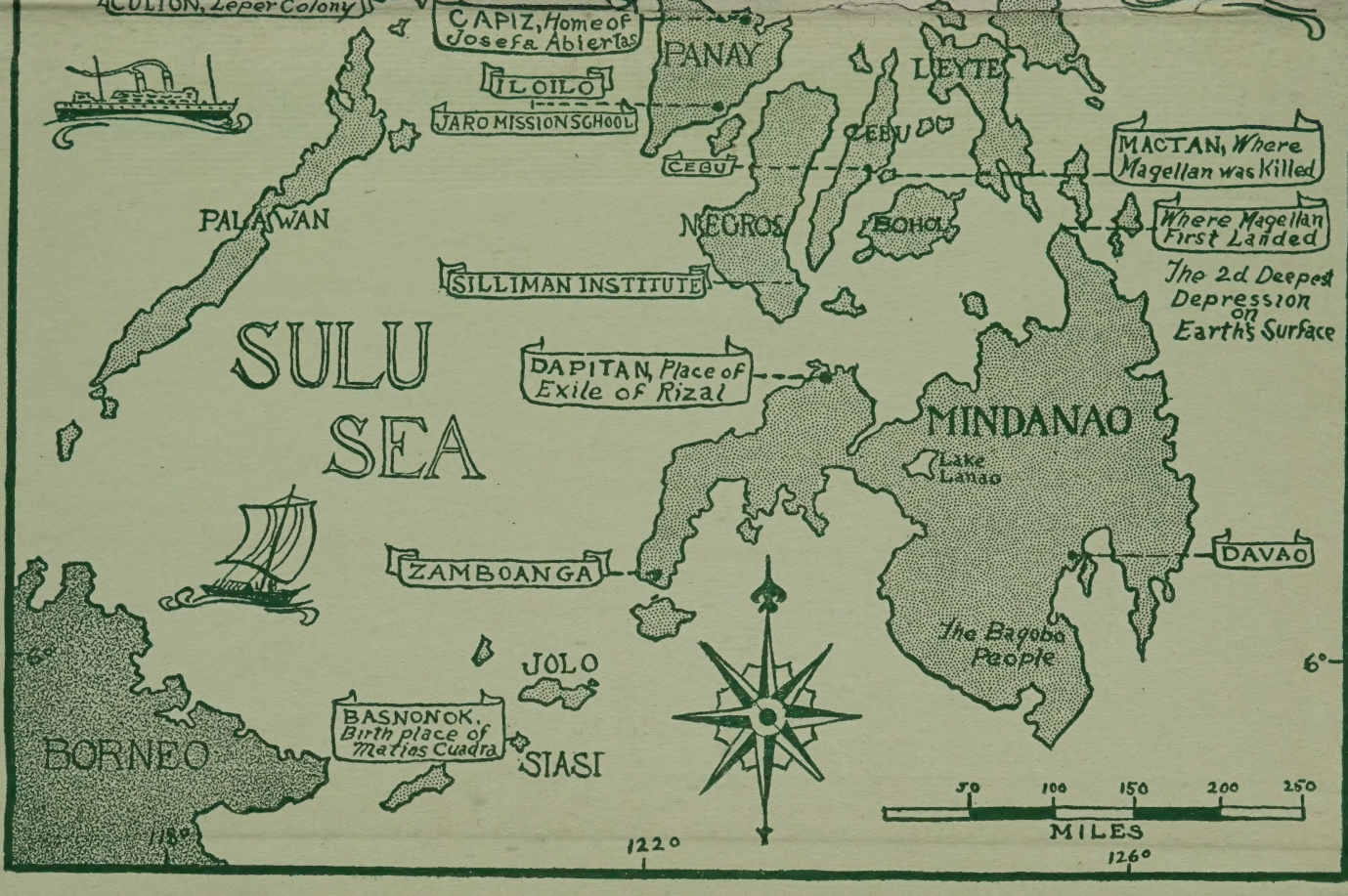
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